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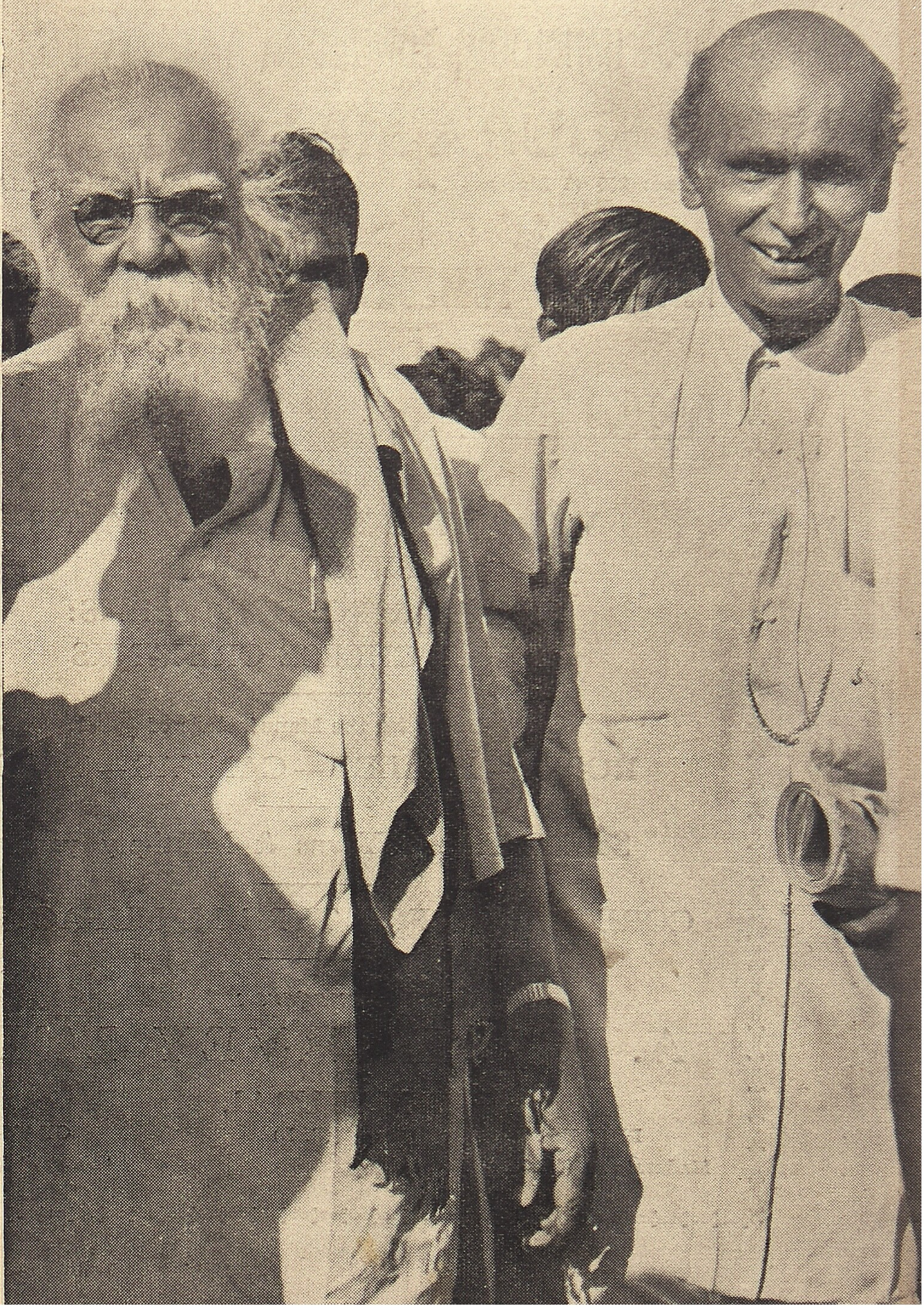

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Vol. IX, No. 1
FEB. 6, 1954
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CONTENTS

		PAGE
EDITORIAL		3
SOTTO VOCE	*Vighneswara*	5
SIDELIGHTS	*Saka*	7
MILITARY AID TO PAKISTAN: FOR AND AGAINST		10
LIFE: VIRGIN CURIOSITY		13
THE BATTLE OF BRITISH SUCCESSION	*Andrew Roth*	15
ON THE PUBLIC CONSCIENCE	*Ridgely Cummings*	17
INDIAN UNITY	*S. Rajagopalan*	20
PERILS OF ART AS LIVELIHOOD	*Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury*	23
A PAIR OF BLUE CHAPPALS (*Short Story*)	*Gora Sastri*	26
NEW BOOKS (*Reviews*)		29
THE BIG SLEEP (*Poem*)	*M. Govindan*	32
WHERE THE COLOUR LINE HITS EVERYBODY	*Douglas Blanchard*	33
ART AND AHIMSA	*James H. Cousins*	37
NEED FOR A BICAMERAL LEGISLATURE	*R. Chellappa*	39
CONFLICT OF PARTIES IN T-C STATE	*K. Jacob Kunnenkeril*	41

On the Cover:

E. V. Ramaswami Naicker and G. D. Naidu at the Park Fair Exhibition

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Vol. IX. FEBRUARY 6 SATURDAY 1954 No. 1

EDUCATION, OR ENTERTAINMENT?

SRI S. S. VASAN devoted considerable space in his address before the annual meeting of the Film Federation to a discussion of the question whether a film-producer is an educator or an entertainer. He took the stand that the purpose of the cinema is to provide entertainment to the people, and ridiculed the idea of expecting a cinema man "to turn into a teacher or preacher." Yet this very idea, so derisively scoffed at by Sri Vasan, is precisely the one that has found effective expression in the most outstanding of his productions, *Avvaiyar*. At the celebration of Avvaiyar Day on Tuesday, April 2, the entertainment value of the picture received precious little notice. It was hailed as a monumental achievement in using the cinema as an instrument to inspire the people into living the good life. The emphasis was all on the didactic virtues of the film. Sri Vasan himself said that his joy knew no bounds when Sri Rajagopalachari who had been decrying the cinema and urging people to abstain from it, graced the Gemini Studios with his presence not once, but twice, to see the picture. Sri Rajagopalachari is the master-didactician of our time, and his double visit indicates not that he had abandoned his faith and recognised in the cinema a permissible medium of entertainment, but that in *Avvaiyar* he had found a picture where the seductive lure of mere entertainment as such had been reduced to safe limits by its predominating moral, hence educative drive. One of the speakers at the Avvaiyar Day described Avvaiyar as a feminine Mahatma Gandhi, and another said that Avvaiyar in the picture accomplished actually what C. R. has been labouring for years to achieve in life.

IT is not very profitable perhaps to distinguish between the educative and entertainment functions of a film. There is no entertainment so wholly devoid of social purpose as to be completely free from the slightest vestige of educative taint. Art is the meeting ground for education and entertainment, for pleasure and benefit, but the mingling of the two varies in accordance with the bias of the artist. When pleasure synchronises with ethics, the perfection of artistic achievement is reached. As the cinema is not shut out of the field of art, it must, like other forms of art, combine purpose with its gifts of joy, though the purpose may be veiled in appetising forms that will command popularity. For years Sri Vasan had been a stickler for purism in his conception of himself as a purveyor of popular entertainment through the cinema. But in *Avvaiyar* his creed of a life-time somehow came to be supplanted by its very opposite, with stupefying results in the matter of box-office appeal. *Avvaiyar* is an educative picture if ever there is one, with an amount of teaching and preaching in it that not all the acharyas and matadhipathis put together can boast of, and instead

of adjusting himself to the phenomenon that has occurred, Sri Vasan persists in maintaining in theory a fiction of the cinema's unsuitability for educational ends, which nobody has done so much to destroy in practice as he has done. He fortifies his troubled conscience by falling back on the Constitution itself, and he tells us that "the Constitution itself has specifically classed the cinema as a branch of entertainment, and not as a subsidiary university." If the celebration of Avvaiyar Day had preceded the annual meeting of the Film Federation, Sri Vasan might have been helped in time into a more balanced perspective of the position of the cinema in the world of today. For the encomiums that decorated the proceedings of the Avvaiyar Day were certainly, in their spirit and substance, such as might have filled any major university with pride.

SRI VASAN should boldly profit by the unintended educative fulfilment realised in spite of himself in his latest pictures *Avvaiyar* and *Rajee, My Darling,* and reinforce on public grounds his claim for relief of the cinema industry from over-burdensome taxation. He is quite right in his estimate of popular distaste for the normal methods of the official educative process. It is no exaggeration that "even the prospect of an elementary dose of education will scare away many people," and resort to compulsion is necessary to make the blessing of free primary education a reality. But in these very facts lies embedded a vast scope for the expansion of the cinema into hitherto unaccustomed spheres. The teaching in the schools is but a small fraction of the wider life of the world with which the film-producer has to do, and there is no doubt, if he puts his hand to it seriously, he can turn out educational films of far greater power and beauty than the dull anaemic specimens at present produced with such little regard to cost, departmentally. It is outrageous that officially-produced films which the Government are unable to market with their own resources through accepted trade methods, should be thrust down the throats of unwilling film-exhibitors with an autocratic abuse of executive State power. When the cinema industry is released from the restrictions on its functions sought to be put on it by Sri Vasan in his analysis, the case he has made out for relief from the burdens being endured by it at present will become more forceful and not less.

U. S. Budget

THE objective aimed at in the new federal budget is described by President Eisenhower thus: "The objective will be to return to the people, to spend for themselves and in their own way, the largest possible share of the money that the Government has been spending for them." This return has taken the form of substantial tax remissions including remission of taxation on accumulated earnings and double taxation on dividends. These remissions come to about 3 billions, which is roughly the total of the budgetary deficit. It is noteworthy that in spite of the liberal tax remissions, it is not proposed to curtail either the social security benefits or the health and housing programmes. These will be maintained at the existing expanded levels. The President notes that in the budget submitted by him the expenditure on atomic energy projects and mutual military programmes will be the highest on record. It is also claimed that the allotment under air power will be the largest since the war. Mr. Eisenhower's budget proposals partially redeem the election promise made by him that he will put an end to the glaring iniquities in the tax laws and "reduce the more serious restraints on production and economic growth."

Sotto Voce

★

WHERE DOES THE CASH COME FROM?

CONGRESS electioneering in T. C. is to be an all-star performance. It has begun with a flourish of trumpets by two redoubtable Chief Ministers. Whether the walls of Jericho have been shaken to the foundations I do not know. But the world has been told in small type that the expenses incurred by the T. C. Government on "accommodation, food and transport" provided for the eminent trumpeters will be reimbursed to the Government by the local Pradesh Congress Committee. As Mr. Nehru is to be the climactic attraction the T. C. Government have taken care to tell us in advance that in his case too it is the Congress that will ultimately foot the bill.

*

The assurance was hardly necessary. But now that this small matter has been mentioned people will wonder, "Why all this circumlocution?" If the Congress pays, as it is right and proper that it should, there was no need for the Government to have come in at all. If the answer is that it would have been hardly befitting the dignity of such distinguished guests to have left them to be entertained by private hosts the obvious rejoinder would be that they were visiting the State not as public guests but as party leaders engaged on propaganda. In such matters prestige is far more important than money. The other parties might justifiably feel aggrieved that because of the accident of a particular party being in office all the paraphernalia of the Raj was being pressed into the service of its propaganda.

*

It may be remembered that at the time of the last general elections, when somebody objected to Mr. Nehru's using a service plane for visiting the different States, the public interest was pleaded in extenuation. He had to do State work even while flying and he could not very well dispose of files in a commercial plane. But he paid for his passage as he would have had to do on a scheduled plane. When the Chief Minister of one State goes to another to put heart into the faltering following of his opposite number no such imperious necessity of State arises as would excuse the flouting of sound audit conventions.

*

The T. C. Government should have remembered that it had placed itself in a peculiarly vulnerable position by choosing to remain in office for months after it had decided on an election following parliamentary defeat. It was not responsible for the delay in holding the elections. But it was bound to be charged with the intention of unfairly exploiting its position as the administration in charge for party ends. In fact every other party promptly made this charge. And it was hardly the way of rebutting such accusations to import prize speakers from outside the State and to utilise State agency for organising mammoth receptions in their honour by the side of which a Presidential progress would pale into insignificance.

*

To say that "food, transport and accommodation" for one or two elderly and abstemious individuals is all that is involved in these "high-powered" jaunts is to practise an economy of truth. Electioneering is at the best of times an expensive

business. The law recognises in the case of individual aspirants to electoral honours that electioneering might in fact be so expensive as to degenerate into a demoralising force. Hence the statutory limits of expenditure, transgression of which is punishable. But to expenditure by political parties there are no limits. And yet we are naively aghast that corruption is rampant.

*

One of the most odious things that we have taken over from Britain along with her cast off cultural outfit is the party chest. "If there must be parties—and there can be no democratic government without a party system—there must be party chests. And the wise leader does not enquire too closely how it is being replenished as he puts his hand deep into it to sustain and rally friends and to confound the enemy"—that is the theory. But that is the kind of cynical realism which is the very antithesis of the costly idealism our Indian parties affect. All talk of idealism apart, if the politician expects the Government servant to declare his private gains, should he not disclose the sources of his party's wealth?

*

Surely nobody pretends that the millions that go down the drain at election time all come out of the four-anna or eight-anna or one rupee subscription of the humble party member. It would be interesting to know what part the *kisan* and *mazdoor* have contributed of the sinews of war of the parties that go forth to do battle in their names. If the bulk of the cash is in fact provided by others why do they so carefully keep out of the limelight? "To do good by stealth and blush to find it fame" was the failing of an old-fashioned elite which has no place in our publicity-crazy world. The supporters of political parties are not inhibited by modesty. What then?

VIGHNESWARA

"SANDHYA" —*H. V. Ram Gopal*

SIDELIGHTS : :

SRI Kodali Damodarayya, M.A., LL.B., Advocate, Tenali, writes:

"You are the editor of both the English **Swatantra** and **Telugu Swatantra.** You are not under another's employment. You are your own master. Such being the case, why does your editorial policy take one trend in English and another in Telugu? For example, the U. S.—Pakistan pact was not commended in **Telugu Swatantra** of 22nd January. It stated that it will give rise to evil consequences. But in English **Swatantra** of 23rd January, you approved of it cent per cent and even went so far as to hold it forth as an example for India to follow. What is the cause of these conflicting viewpoints? Is it that you want to exploit the hatred of America among readers of **Telugu Swatantra**, and yet you wish to be nice to Americans in English **Swatantra** which the Americans are wont to read? Do you want me to put credence in the wide rumours here that for the view you expressed in English **Swatantra** you would have been paid by the Americans? The Andhras had hopes of you as a progressive idealist that will not hide the truth. Are those hopes to be abandoned now? Will you hereafter at least give up these contradictory attitudes? People will know your real nature if you stand by one point of view. If you pursue contradictory policies, they will give you credit only for the worse of them, the one inimical to the public interest. If you do not reply to this letter in your journal, we will be compelled to seek satisfaction in the columns of other papers. Goodwill for you is responsible for my writing it."

I have translated Sri Damodarayy's letter, which was in Telugu, into English, preserving its spirit as far as possible. His complaint is quite just. When two journals are conducted by the same editor or under common management, their viewpoints should cohere and not conflict if they are to be given credit for honesty of purpose. I recollect how when opposite views were upheld by the *Indian Express* and *Andhra Prabha* over the Krishna Pennar Project, I drew the attention of the public in these columns to the discrepancy, (though the two papers were under common management only and the editors were different) and cited it as an example of bad journalism. Next morning Sri Narla broke out into an angry telephone outburst, saying, "What is this nonsense you have written? I am as good a journalist as you." I agreed promptly on the question of competence posed, and saved our usually cordial personal relations, and he for his part stated that the difference I had noted was just proof of the freedom of opinion he enjoyed at the hands of the proprietor.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the very worst conclusions should be drawn when, in two journals like SWATANTRA (English) and TELUGU SWATANTRA run and edited by the same person, a grave disparity of opinion is revealed on an important issue agitating the public mind. Sri Damodarayya's letter is in fact mild, measured by the provocation. There is no defence I can make except to state that 90 per cent of editorial responsibility is a fiction maintained for the sake of fixing the legal liability of the editor, and the production of a paper is a complicated business to which many contribute with their labour and judgments, and sometimes matter gets in which the editor and the reader happen to see simultaneously. Apart from maladjustments due to defective organisation, there is the problem of safeguarding the initiative of the staff. Often the effect of interference on the capacity of writers is deadly. Supervision has to be exercised through the influence of association and the give and take of discussion, and not crudely through any impositions of authority. Prevention of blundering is the effect of years of striving. It is through postmortem comprehension of absurdities that error is avoided for the future and traditions of harmony and team-

work are developed in journalistic practice. Many years of close association are needed for the establishment of a comprehensive, discord-proof unity of outlook among the various members of the staff at work in an office in this too individualistic profession, and even then it will be established only if the direction from the top chances to command respect for its quality and good faith, and not otherwise.

EVER since the occupation of Tibet by the Chinese, I have felt that South Asia might be at the mercy of the Chinese Communists any day. The new Russo-Chinese military agreement, now that the Chinese armies are no longer pinned in Korea, will place an enormous striking power at Peking's disposal, and the whole of South Asia is threatened by it. It is the existence of the tremendous armed might of the USA that is the saving factor. In the light of this situation the entire basis of our foreign policy seems to be fallacious. We cannot stick fanatically to an impossible neutrality, deluding ourselves that it is dynamic, confronted as we are by the menace of Russo-Chinese expansion southward, held in check only by fear of American intervention. America's return to isolationism will mean the doom of India no less than of Pakistan. The article in English SWATANTRA expounding these "military aid realities" was written on the spur of the moment at the last minute without any knowledge that quite a contradictory viewpoint had almost simultaneously found its way into the week's TELUGU SWATANTRA. Since then, as the result of a discussion the writer of the leader in TELUGU SWATANTRA feels that the logic of the editorial in English SWATANTRA is unassailable and the policy advocated by it is the only right and correct one.

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U. S. AID TO PAKISTAN : Plea for Realistic Approach

SWATANTRA'S comment on U. S. military aid to Pakistan under the caption "Military Aid Realities" has received qualified appreciation in some quarters. Here are the views of two correspondents of this category:

Nehru's Policy Inconsistent

Sri D. V. Rama Rao, M.A., LL.B., Berhampore, writes:

While the Indian apprehensions regarding the reported U. S. military aid to Pakistan in view of the unsolved Kashmir problem, made knotty by Pakistan's initial aggression and reluctance to enter into a no-war pact with India, require to be duly appreciated, India too should take a rational view rather than carry on an emotional campaign which may lead to needless misunderstandings.

For instance, it is difficult to understand how military aid, as distinct from a pact, is fundamentally wrong, or different from economic aid since a nation receiving it can save to that extent on civilian needs and utilise it for defense needs. Nor is it clear as to how it can be interpreted as a step towards world war when several nations too have been receiving similar aid, or as an anti-Asiatic step when, as yet, there is no definite Asiatic policy among Asian nations. As regards instances of nations losing freedom by inviting foreign military aid, history provides ample evidence of nations losing freedom also by not being alert and making wise alliances in time.

While the sincerity and altruistic motives of Prime Minister Nehru are apparent, it may be pointed out that he was reported to have said as early as 1949 during his last American tour that the two ideologies of Capitalism and Communism could not continue indefinitely side by side; referring to that this writer pointed out in *Thought* (15th November 1949) that apart from the question whether Capitalism which is a changing condition without a fixed dogma, could be called an ideology in the sense Communism could be, it was inconsistent to seek to play a strictly neutral role in a world context where the conflict between the democratic and the totalitarian concepts is a reality.

So, it is the background of Indo-Pakistan relations that adds poignancy to the situation and needs to be emphasised; and in view of it the desirability of an integrated regional aid programme in preference to bilateral alliances needs to be duly considered by all concerned nations including preferably the British Commonwealth.

The recent Congress resolution on the issue is realistic and restrained, but the tendency, as evidenced by some speeches on the resolution, to needlessly rub America on the wrong side is neither fair nor wise and requires to be checked. An impartial survey would show that the world owes much to America for the role it played in recent times even if it be held that it occasionally erred in judgement. While India may continue to be respected abroad, let us also see that we are correctly understood and trusted too by those that are likely to prove our friendly and powerful allies in times of need.

*

Sri A. K. Srinivasamurthy, research scholar, Madras University, appreciates the editorial in SWATANTRA and appreciates the force of the argument in it, but disagrees with it wholeheartedly. He says:

You deserve all congratulations for your excellent editorial "Military Aid Realities" in which you have struck a new and bold note on this much-discussed topic of the day. While I readily concede that there is much force behind your argument in support of the stand you have taken, let me hasten to tell you that I wholeheartedly disagree with you in this matter. This difference, however, does not stand in the way of my appreciating your editorial which is at once as original as it is daring.

The Pact is Hidden Aggression

A larger number of correspondents see hidden aggression in the U. S.-Pakistan pact and take strong exception to the editorial in SWATANTRA.

Ulterior Motives

Sri P. Umapati, Bhimavaram, is shocked. "The opinions you have been voicing," he writes, "have been so convincing, so impartial and rational that one could not but approve them, and approving, admire them. But in your recent editorial, you erred—erred unmistakably." He goes on:

Instead of condemning U. S. military aid to Pakistan as aggression, an imperialistic policy, SWATANTRA in its editorial, over-simplifies the whole problem. It contends that the characteristic feature of imperialism is exploitation and that the Americans have not been exploiting Pakistan or any country but they have been pouring out their wealth in millions of dollars for the promotion of Asian and African welfare. This is absurd on the very face of it. If one closely follows the foreign policy of the U. S. Government with a discerning eye, one is bound to come to the conclusion that it is consistently one of aggression. Pakistan as a democratic country has every right to follow her own policy, and certainly we have no right, nor have we any intention, to interfere in her domestic affairs. We are showing only our strong disapproval of the U. S.—Pakistan pact, for its consequences are far reaching, and it not only endangers the freedom of Pakistan but also that of the other countries. Mr. Nehru is justified in saying that it threatens the freedom of Asian countries, and Pakistan, by entering into the pact, has become potentially a war area. Also the fact that Pakistan may use this military assistance given to her by the Americans against India cannot be ignored. Ever since the partition, our endeavour has been to maintain cordial relations with our neighbour, and the U. S., by granting this aid, has undermined the relations between Pakistan and India.

Let us have a bird's eye view of world politics and the part of the U. S. in it. The U. S. has established air bases in Spain, it is equipping N. A. T. O. forces with atomic weapons, it insists that France should ratify the E. D. C. The M. E. D. O. is soon to be created though the U. S. has abandoned it in the original form. It has refused persistently to admit New China to the U. N. It is granting economic aid with ulterior motives, the chief of which is to bring the countries which are not well advanced industrially into its fold against Communism. India undertook a thankless job in Korea because of her zeal in promoting world peace and won tributes from all countries. But what has been done by India with so much trouble is undone by the U. S. What more proof is needed to show that the U. S. policies are aggressive in nature? The purpose of the U. S., it seems, is to corner the Soviet Government. Viewed in this perspective the aid to Pakistan is certainly a step forward in that direction.

If a world war is inevitable, it will be a war between the power blocs, one trying to wipe out the other from the earth by unhesitatingly using atomic weapons India with her policy of peace and non-violence—what is called dynamic neutrality—is the only country that can hammer out an agreement between the two irreconcilable views and thereby prevent a collision between the two forces.

Big Power Mentality

Sri K. G. Acharya, Vijayawada, writes:

The editorial under the caption "Military Aid Realities" in SWATANTRA noted for its balanced leading articles is, to say the least, confusing and disappointing.

The editorial summed up the situation like this: In the present world situation, Pakistan has wisely preferred to accept military aid from the

Americans who have the ambition neither of extending "political hegemony outside their own territory" nor "exploiting any country economically." Therefore "instead of relying on the impossible creed of non-violence that has no relation to the inexorable realities of the world politics, we will be well advised to supplement our defence resources in the most advantageous manner possible. We are assured that U. S. A. will not be less ready to aid India than it has shown to be in the case of Pakistan."

The present situation in the world is only due to the two rival powers, the U. S. A. and the U. S. S. R., creating and piling up destructive weapons in their 'defence' and trying to gain the allegiance of the people of the world splitting them also into two warring camps. With this mentality of the big powers, war and destruction may appear inevitable. Only history can record as to which of the theories preached by these warring powers will ultimately survive. The way these countries boast about the destructive capacities of the weapons in their possession, is only an indication of their mental slavery to the machine. Looking at the world as a whole at present, it appears for once as though the 'leaders' who physically control much of the universe have lost touch with the real currents of humanism itself.

The U. S. A. could have gained universal goodwill had it tried to help the under-develcped Asiatic countries economically and not militarily to combat Communism The Americans have not learned this even after 'losing' China. Since Pakistan has accepted the military aid from U. S. and thus aligned herself with the power seeking to combat Communism militarily, the perils of war are right at our door-step in case the fight breaks up. To accept military aid likewise for our defence purposes, since we do not intend aggression, is in itself a weakness.

Our complaint against Pakistan is that by accepting military aid from U. S., she aligned herself with one of the powers wanting to settle things militarily though it may not intend to occupy and rule any country directly as is done by Britain. France or Holland. The recent utterances of the Pak. Premier indicate that he relies more on arms than on fair understanding for the settlement of the Kashmir issue. For the present it may seem that Pakistan is wise in accepting military aid from U. S. to gain an upper hand in matters that profit her, but the reality of her wisdom can only be known when a war breaks out. And only then can the value of Nehru's dynamic neutralism which SWATANTRA has ridiculed be better understood. Of course, neutrality has its own pitfalls. We cannot but risk them if we want to remain a nation with self-respect.

"A Danger to India"

Sri K. Chengalvaraya Ayya, Advocate, Chingleput, writes:

In the article "Military Aid Realities," you have in effect correctly pointed out that the military aid proposed to be given by the U. S. A. to Pakistan is a competitive effort for capturing the allegiance of Pakistan for combating Communism. You stated that "We are assured that the U. S. A. will not be less ready to aid India than it has shown to be in the case of Pakistan." But that aid will not obviously come without India yielding allegiance to the U. S. A. Allegiance is obnoxious, and military alliance is not in issue. It is true that the military strength of both India and Pakistan will be taxed to the full in the years to come to overcome other dangers, but from what we read from the Pakistan Press and their leaders' statements it is clear that Pakistan is not seeking military aid from the U. S. A. to co-operate with India to overcome 'other dangers' but only to become a danger to India, Pakhtoonistan and Afghanistan. Having been disappointed in her efforts to mobilise Muslim countries against India, she seeks the present step of coercion. If there is no self-imposed restriction upon the freedom of action of a sovereign State, it pays the price.

LIFE . . .

VIRGIN CURIOSITY

"WHERE are you going?"

"To Royapettah."

"Who is in Royapettah?"

"Somebody I know."

"Relatives?"

"No, friends."

"Are you married?"

"Yes, *Patti*."

"How many children?"

"Two."

"Only two? How old are they?"

"The girl is nearly nine and the boy is nearly three."

"Six years! Why? Any abortions in between?"

"*No* . . . One ticket to Gowdiya Mutt, Please."

"I don't know how you educated women manage it. They say there are all kinds of things you use."

"I believe there are."

"Why are you not wearing your sari in the orthodox way?"

"This is more convenient."

"My nephew says this is easier to take off! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"Yes. There is that to consider."

"My nephew also married an educated girl."

"Did he?"

"The girl had studied right up to third form."

"Oh!"

"But, poor fellow, she nearly drove him mad."

"Did she?"

"She refused to go to him when he called her."

"Conductor, please let me know when we get to Gowdiya Mutt."

"Her mother-in-law reasoned with her, spoke to her as if she were a child, taught her these things as if she were her own daughter."

"Really?"

"She was not too young to know these things. She was quite seventeen. You should have seen her hips and her body. She looked like a girl of twenty. But whatever anybody said, she would not go to her husband. It was not as if the boy was not a nice-looking boy. He was rather short, of course, but what is there if a man is short? He was quite good-looking, with a tuft and everything. But he was not the kind of man who walks behind his wife to the cinema. He never missed his prayers and devotions for a single day."

"Not many like that nowadays."

"She left him and went away to her father's house."

"Really?"

"He followed her and never returned home. Overnight he changed into somebody quite different. He settled down in his father-in-law's house."

"I see . . . Conductor, you haven't given me my change."

"His mother says the girl must have put something in his food because he behaves towards her like a servant now. It is the same with every man who marries an educated girl."

"Hm."

"Are you the first wife?"

"Yes, Yes, *of course*."

"Why haven't you got a nose-ring?"

"I don't like it."

"We have to do so many things we don't like. All married women should have nose-rings. A red stone nose-ring would be very nice on you. A married woman should never be without a nose-ring."

"That is an old superstition."

"My sister used to say that in the early years of her married life her husband wouldn't speak to her if she didn't wear her nose-ring."

"Why?"

"They were a very loving couple.

Now, of course, they are old. But he bought her a 17-carat diamond nose-ring even last year."

"Expensive, is'nt it?"

"Money is nothing to them. But it's a pity God gave her only one son."

"Why was God so unkind?"

"But she had seven or eight abortions."

"Oh!"

"She would be two or three months pregnant and then she would have an abortion. Even before she recovered from the abortion she would be pregnant again."

"What did the doctor say?"

"The doctor tested her blood and everything and gave her some injections. She said her husband also must take some injections."

"Oh! Did he take them?"

"No. My brother-in-law is not the kind of man to do everything that a doctor says. He said he was alright and there was nothing wrong with him."

"Sometimes, you know . . . "

"She had two or three abortions even after the injections. My brother-in-law was right. Most of these doctors are really no use."

"Well!"

"Then the son was married. I don't know at what inauspicious moment the daughter-in-law first stepped into the house but my sister never became pregnant again."

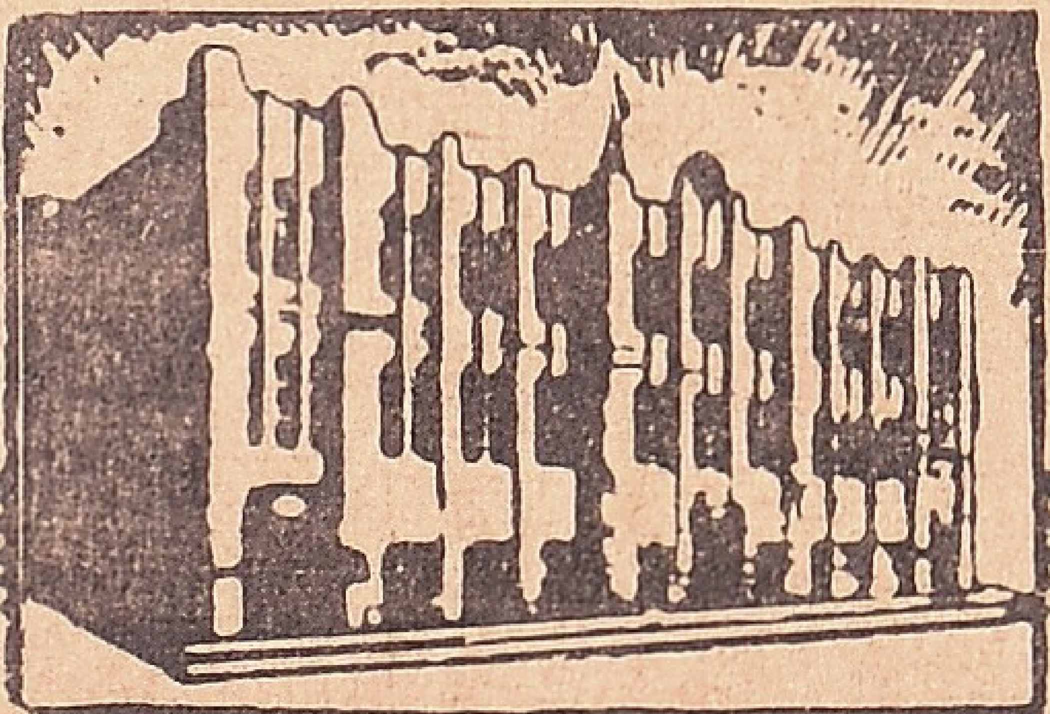
"Really?"

"It is like that everywhere. Some women bring nothing but bad luck."

What a life, I thought, her own daughter-in-law must lead!

"And how many children have *you* got, *Patti?*"

"None. The good God took away my husband when I was nine."



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THE BATTLE OF BRITISH SUCCESSION

By ANDREW ROTH

THE return of Parliament after its winter recess has given London an additional attraction, but not a very striking one at the moment.

Eyes are centered on "the old man"—always said with affection—to see how slow is his step, how mumbled his speech. In short everyone wants to know how long Sir Winston will last before he retires. Rumour has it that he will retire next summer after the Queen returns. But last year's rumour was that he would retire after the Coronation.

The fact is that Sir Winston, like an old fire-horse, is irresistibly tempted by the smell of political smoke. There are, of course, reports that, like William Pitt, the Great Commoner, who stayed on as the Earl of Chatham to exercise influence, Sir Winston will move over to the House of Lords. But the House of Lords is another place today from that in Pitt's day. Even at its most exciting it is a dull place for a gay spirit like Churchill's.

Sir Winston might yield to his tired heart and aging muscles *if there were some historic event to cap his career.* But this is an era of indecision, particularly for Britain, and it has not been within his power to precipitate the sort of events on whose crest he could retire in a blaze of glory. The one glory which he clearly covets, some international settlement, is one which can be achieved only between the two giants. And Britain's postwar political and economic policy has tied her too closely to the U. S. to be considered an independent mediator. In fact, his attempt at this role last May brought down on his head the disapproval of his own party and the Foreign Office.

Sir Winston might be more willing to hand over if he could hand over the party intact to Anthony Eden, his "crown prince". The difficulty is that while Anthony Eden is liked by most Conservatives, and his conscientious study of foreign affairs is respected, he has no knowledge of internal affairs. Furthermore, he lacks the essential spark of life or brilliance. The fact is that in his own field, the Middle East, he was unable to carry the Conservatives with him on a settlement with Egypt until he had gotten the wholehearted support of Sir Winston, and even then over 30 Tory M. Ps. insisted on a genteel but public rebellion against a policy of "scuttle" in Egypt.

My own money would be on R. A. Butler, particularly if Sir Winston is not around to influence the succession. The fact is that "Rab" Butler is quite a different person from Eden. He is a "cold fish" and, instead of being not quite bright enough, is too clever by half. He has won the admiration of very many in the Board rooms of City corporations by the deft way in which he has deflated the Welfare State almost painlessly and increased the incentives to business without making the Conservative Party seem too much like the party of big business, which it undoubtedly is.

There are many who believe that Mr. Butler is behind the stubborn attitude taken by many of the employers to the present series of wage claims. Despite the spate of publicity the actual demands have been rather limited—particularly in view of the increases in the cost of living—and the actual strikes also few. But the employers make it clear that they intend to stop the ascending scale of wages.

There is no doubt that Britain is vulnerable to being priced out of a number of its markets. But whether the prime problem is swollen wages, profits or inefficiency is a matter of

controversy. But one large airplane factory near my home—Handley-Page to be specific—has been fighting six weeks a wage dispute concerning a few apprentice draughtsmen which would cost them £12 a week if they accepted the demands. But they are precipitating a showdown with the whole working staff of some 1800 men over this, although the plant could save tens of thousands annually by organizing a proper flow of work through the plant.

If there is an American recession of some magnitude, there is little doubt that business will feel more secure with Butler at the helm. But he will not get it if Sir Winston has anything to say about it. Short of that there may well be dual leadership, such as existed during Patel's life in the first years of India's independence. Mr. Eden may become Prime Minister for Foreign Affairs while Mr. Butler may become Deputy Prime Minister for Internal Affairs.

Labour in Stagnation

SUPERFICIALLY one would say that the struggle within the Labour Party has reached a plateau, with the Bevanite left supported by the constituency parties blocked by the peakinite rightwing leaders of the big trade unions which control almost a third of the Labour M. Ps. The right wing are now pushing Hugh Gaitskell to succeed Clement Attlee, having lost their enthusiasm for Herbert Morrison.

If Clement Attlee, sometimes described as "the weather-vane of the Labour Party" is any indication, however, the future lies with the Bevanites. The Bevanites were infuriated by this correspondent's suggestion last October that there is an Attlee-Bevan understanding that Bevan will be Foreign Minister if Mr. Attlee forms the next Labour Cabinet. But it has been noticeable that since reassembling Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevan have had at least one long political discussion on Egypt in which Mr. Attlee was found to be in agreement with Bevan.

Bevan is still the only man in the House to rival Churchill as a personality. He is a surly, lonely person who arouses tremendous personal antagonisms. But he is always listened to with interest, even when he infuriates.

Last week however he held the House enthralled as he recounted—for the first time, I believe—some of his experiences in the pit when he entered the mines in South Wales at the age of 13.

He was speaking on the new "Mines and Quarries Bill":

"When I was 13 years of age, electric lamps were not used in the pits; oil lamps were used, and many honourable Members who have no experience of mining will not be able to appreciate the experience of a boy aged 13 when stumbling back in the dark to get his lamp relit.

"In our mine we had what was called a mane and tail, that is to say, a steel rope attached to the journey of tubs or trams. This journey, usually of 16 trams, had to be let down a steep incline very quickly indeed in order to carry over the swamps down below, and the steel rope at the end used to flog the roof and sides like a monster in the darkness. If it hit one, one was either mutilated or killed, and to hear the thuds of that rope in a narrow dark roadway was a very frightening experience.

"Also there was never any room between the rail and the sides. I remember one occasion, when I listened anxiously to the approach of a journey of trams, finding that my foot had got caught in a roller in the centre of the roadway, and I could not free until eventually I wrenched my foot away, tearing the skin from my foot, and managed to get into a manhole. The manholes were not always free of impediment; they were not always at the intervals they should have been. So when the right hon. gentleman spoke about roadways and the necessity for sufficient distance between the rail and the sides of the roadsides I could recall many vivid experiences which still sometimes give me nightmares."

It certainly is not wise to underestimate the possibilities of a man who has made the journey Aneurin Bevan has already made along a road with virtually no leeway.

ON THE PUBLIC CONSCIENCE

By RIDGELY CUMMINGS

This article by Ridgely Cummings deals with the execution of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, and was printed in the JEWISH RECORD *(San Fransisco) for December 1953. In sending it for publication in* SWATANTRA *the author says: "It argues against capital punishment, which is one reason I thought you would like it."*

AT Hiroshima the atom bomb took a large number of human lives. At Nagasaki it took more.

After that it was quiescent for a time, being satisfied with minor sacrifices of goats, chickens, pigs, rats, during the tests at Eniwtok and elsewhere in the Pacific.

The tests moved to Nevada but the sacrifices remained restricted to the animal kingdom, *plus* a few clothing store dummies which served their purpose by making gruesome photographic studies in disintegration.

Then on a Friday night in June of 1953 the A-bomb took two more lives. Julius and Ethel Rosenberg died in the electric chair at Sing Sing prison but it was fear psychology engineered by the bomb which killed them.

According to eye-witness accounts of the three press association men, they died stoically, bravely, still protesting their innocence. Their hold on life was tenacious—it took three shocks of 2,000 volts each to kill the machinist—engineer and five similar shocks to reduce his wife to an insensate corpse.

The death of the Rosenbergs brings into fresh focus the entire question of capital punishment, particularly as applied in cases involving public hysteria and political overtones.

Whether or not the Rosenbergs were guilty of espionage is a question for history to decide, if indeed the sweep of events will allow time and patience for students to dissect the tangled web of accusations. They were convicted on circumstantial evidence. Their sentence to death in April of 1951 was pronounced by Federal Judge Irving Kaufman. This coincidence that judge and victims were co-religionists was considered proof by some that anti-Semitism was not involved; though others have wondered if the Rosenbergs might not have fared better under some other judge, one who felt under no pressure to prove that his patriotism was stronger than the bonds of a common culture. The highly emotional nature of Judge Kaufman's peroration, in which he called attention to the "atrocious" nature of the crime before passing sentence, would indicate to some observers that he departed from the aloof judicial attitude one expects in court and allowed his personal feelings of solidarity with his nation and its defenders to color his decision. It was as if he were saying: "I am a Jew and the Rosenbergs are Jewish but I will show the world that Jews are first of all good citizens of the nation in which they happen to be living."

Be that is it may, the fact remains that through two years of appeal and judicial review, and up until the night of their death, the Rosenbergs insisted on their innocence. There was enough doubt about their guilt to divide world public opinion, down the middle. The night the State took their lives, men and women who barely knew how to pronounce their names rioted in the streets of Paris and Buenos Aires. Tears of bitterness, pity, frustration, and perhaps some of merely anti-American envy of our high standard of living were shed for the Rosenbergs in obscure European villages and North African bazaars.

A variety of reasons, ranging from morality to expediency, have been advanced by those who feel the execution of the Rosenbergs was a tragic mistake. One of the most cogent arguments runs as follows:

Police powers of the State should be held to a minimum and the only excuse for their use is to protect the citizenry, not for purposes of venge-

ance, as Judge Kaufman's statement might seem to indicate was the State's motive in this instance. Violent men and women are removed from circulation so that peaceable men and women may pursue their ways in tranquillity. Removal by police power for a stated period of time may not be the best method of rehabilitating the law-breakers but it is the method currently in operation. The fact it breeds criminals more often than it teaches violators to become useful members of society is regrettable, but at least our penologists are aware of the weaknesses of the system and are trying to remedy them. But when the State steps in to remove an offender permanently, by legalized murder, then the State is transcending the principle of protecting society and is mixing in the principle of vengeance.

Even granted that capital punishment is justifiable (which I do not believe) it should not be used in cases involving no other proof of guilt than circumstantial evidence.

When a person has been found guilty only on the testimony of others, there remains always the possibility of a margin of error. By executing the person on trial, all possibility of remedying a mistake (if one was made), is removed. Just recently in England such a case provoked national discussion and resulted in the submission to Parliament of a bill to eliminate capital punishment. Unfortunately the bill was defeated, but that does not invalidate the premise that capital punishment should never be used in cases resting only on circumstantial evidence.

Should one go so far as to say that capital punishment is justifiable, and then grant furthermore that it is justifiable in cases where the only proof of guilt is circumstantial, capital punishment should never be used in cases where the offense is of a political nature.

One of the things that differentiates this country (USA) from Fascist and Communist dictatorships is our greater degree of political freedom. In the monolithic terror States, a political crime is the greatest of all offenses. Here, where we still retain some degree of liberty we reserve our deepest moral repugnance for emotional crimes, deeds involving lust and passion, and those violating family loyalties.

Cases arising out of emergency situations, fraught with fear and anxiety, judged in an atmosphere of mass hysteria, such as the Sacco-Vanzetti and Mooney-Billings trials, ought always to be judged tentatively and remain subject to review at a later time, when the heat of the passions has subsided.

When they are decided hastily and fatally, they weigh heavily forever after on the public conscience.

THE courts should ideally protect the public, not only against the dangers threatening from without, but also from the dangers residing in its own lust for revenge, justified or otherwise.

Mooney and Billings escaped death and in later years public sentiment reversed itself. The Rosenberg case now has been added to the Sacco-Vanzetti case and whatever new evidence may be uncovered in time to bear on the guilt or innocence of the Rosenbergs, the American public is forever excluded from considering in disinterested fashion. Now there will always be factions which, for their own purposes, will persist in proclaiming their innocence and bewailing their martyrdom on the one hand, and on the other hand equally biased factions insisting on their guilt and the justice of their punishment.

The Rosenbergs are dead and all this discussion is cold comfort to them, but perhaps a little thought on the ethical implications of capital punishment will prevent the psychology of fear from claiming new victims.

The spirituality of the soul is a positive fact as clearly bright as sunlight. Search has been and search will be always made probably into the subject of Matter; but we know what Mind is, from having in us the example, the sentient pulsating *ego* within us.—SAISSET

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INDIAN UNITY

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

ON this the 7th year of our independence, no problem is more baffling than the issue of Indian unity, to which pointed attention has recently been drawn by Mr. S. K. Patil. He has alluded to certain disquieting trends in the country which render the commingling of the Indian peoples more an illusion than a reality—and this at a time when our neighbouring State is striving towards a pan-Islamic federation and arming itself to that end. Fissiparous tendencies are now a part of our public life, and our language imperialists are out-heroding even those of the Anglo-Saxon variety. Congressmen, in particular, have in this respect yet to learn their lessons from the Indian Communists, who are not hampered by lingual or territorial barriers. The bye-products of these tendencies are even more terrifying. Patriotism is becoming a lost virtue, and there is progressive deterioration of the Swadeshi spirit. Foreign news and foreign businessmen obtain enormous weightage in our daily press; and foreign magnates find the soil extremely congenial to start nascent industries. Everywhere the scramble for office and separate States continues unabated; and the only circumstances making for the cohesion of the warring elements are the personality of the Prime Minister, the English language and the legal profession.

India had ever been a nation of diverse races, creeds, faiths, and dialects. Yet from the earliest times, long before even the dawn of history, there had always been an underlying core of unity, and except for brief intervals in her chequered history, the whole country had functioned as a single entity; and that, paradoxically speaking, was when the modern means of communication and contact could not even have been thought of. It is worth mentioning in this connection that our early law-givers, poets and philosophers aided the politician and did not allow the seeds of fragmentation to flourish under their feet. How they achieved it might appear crude by modern standards: nevertheless, they did attain a certain measure of success. There was a unifying religion, culture, and language: and speaking both geographically and historically, there was nothing which took place in North India which did not have its repercussions in the South and vice versa. Take the epics, the Puranas, the plays and the ballads. The main incidents, themes of both the Ramayana and Mahabharata, took place in Oudh or Delhi. Yet the unlettered artisan or sculptor in the South could portray them to the letter in stone and marble and capture their inner and even esoteric meanings. That, at any rate, indicated that either there was a universal dialect which could be none other than Sanskrit or that there had been intimate personal contact amongst the various classes in the country. The Tamil isolationist of our times who is conspicuous only for his hatred of Sanskrit, must remember that the thousands of temples which are scattered throughout his territory would not have come into being, were not the chief planners, the artists and the artisans, imbued with the spirit of the age and with the faith that moved mountains and made monuments out of them. Consider especially the figures of Nataraja and Dakshinamurti. This was not all. In the words of the poet, great men had been amongst us, hands that penned and uttered wisdom and taught us how gloriously the nation stood in splendour, Kalidasa made the Himalayas and the clouds part of the country: his cloud messenger literally makes an aerial survey from the Deccan to the Himalayas. Both Vyasa and Valmiki describe the southern end of the peninsula with surprising accuracy. Tulasidas's Ramayana was evolved out of Kamban's classic. Gita Govinda was composed in Orissa, but set to music and sung in the South Indian villages. Above

all, there was the religious tie all through. The up-country Hindu was enjoined to visit Rameswaram; and the South Indian had to visit Banaras, Allahabad, Kedarnath and Badrinath with a trip back to Rameswaram. The Siva-agama cult which had its roots in Tamil Nad had had its setting in Nepal and Mount Kailas. The Hindu sages went much further. There is no religious exercise in which a Hindu engages himself, that does not start with a mental conception of the unity of the country, which is described as "Jambudvipe-Bharata Khande, south of Mount Meru."

IN the periods before the Moslem and British penetration into the country, there were occasions when national unity was forged in a manner which cannot even be thought of in these days. It is a historical fact that in the 3rd, 4th and 5th centuries B. C., the Hindu kingdom had extended its dominion from Kabul to Kandy. Buddhism did the trick. Curiously enough, some centuries later, when that religion became too individualistic and atheistic, there arose a young anchorite from Malabar who walked on foot right from Kaladi up to Kashmir, and established his monasteries throughout the country, and saved Hinduism from its own weakness and the inroads of Buddhism.

British rule succeeded in building up Indian unity but the main contributory cause had been the compulsory medium of English and the universal type of education which was enforced throughout the country. Certain political, social and religious movements had also contributed a great deal. Dr. Annie Besant and her band of Theosophists revived interest in Indian culture and forged a sort of cohesion among Indians. Swami Vivekananda and his mission, Sri Aurobindo and in recent times Ramana Maharshi, have also bridged the gulf between the North and the South. The soil had been made propitious for the Indian National Congress which under the aegis of the Mahatma had been the greatest single factor for the promotion of Indian unity, even as the Khilafat agitation and that for Pakistan had unified the Muslims in our country.

Linguistic States are a novelty in Indian history. Even Orissa and Oudh could not be dubbed linguistic States, pure and simple: they are rather a collection of people living together and grouped on account of antiquity and common culture. So far as the Andhra State is concerned, over which Mr. S. K. Patil is rightly vexed, this much could he said, that if it had been carved out 30 or 40 years ago it would have been an unqualified success. But now things have taken a different turn. Joint living of the Telugus and the non-Telugus in certain places like Hyderabad, Madras and Chittoor, had effected a synthesis of Telugu-Tamil culture which has to be snapped simply because of the pressure of power politics. It is now felt doubtful if the new State will satisfy all the legitimate aspirations of the com-

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mon man in Andhra Desa. But it is reasonably clear that the division which is based solely on dialect is bound to cause friction. Take, for example, the policy of Prohibition, which the Andhra State seems in no mood to continue. If it is to be scrapped, then the residuary State which however is in no mood to discontinue it, will have necessarily to follow suit, because the border districts (Vellore and Chittoor for example) are within a few miles of each other.

The residuary State has to reckon with the Dravidastan movement, the potentialities of which seem to be either over-emphasised or underrated. Those outside the State who conjure up a state of affairs as in pre-partition India, are giving it an exaggerated importance because not one Dravidastani has won a seat in the legislature, although by the logic of events many returned on a Communist or Congress ticket, may be amongst its ardent votaries. Likewise, when the State Government regards it only as a frustrated politician's move, it would be under-rating its potentialities for evil and mischief. But anyone who analyses its trends carefully will be able to discover that it is not a separate movement but one like the European fascism, which concerns itself with the Brahmins alone. The Brahmins have now become successful business rivals, and the authors of the movement cannot reconcile themselves to it with equanimity.

It would however be carrying scepticism a little too far to say that national unity can never be re-established in this country. The German philosopher Eucken has said that man has both a higher self and a lower self. The higher self responds to the call of a Buddha or a Gandhi, and considers no sacrifice too great to achieve national solidarity, as indeed the Congressmen of old felt. The lower self predominates when the love of power and pomp make cowards of us all and blinds us to the ultimate destiny of our country. That is the sum and substance of the separatist tendencies in our country; but it is time that good and wise men took stock of the situation and devised remedies, with the cooperation of the major political organisations in the country if possible, and without it, if necessary.

Tribute to M. N. Roy

By S. Gopalakrishnan

In the death of Mr. M. N. Roy, on the eve of the fourth anniversary of the Republic of India, our country has lost a great thinker and a practical politician.

In the struggle for freedom, Mr. Roy appealed to the people of India, including the workers and peasants, to rally under the banner of the National Congress. He joined the ranks of the people, and moving in their midst, thinking their thoughts, and giving expression to their feelings and aspirations, undertook the unostentatious, but essential work of organising them. With remarkable courage, he preached the message of revolt—revolt against the intolerable conditions of life. The central point he always tried to drive home was that spiritual and intellectual revolt was the condition for the success of a political and social revolt. By doing that, he laboriously built up a solid platform for the growing radical forces.

Fighting single-handed on two fronts, Mr. Roy proved himself to be a man of action, with a clear vision, a revolutionary philosophy and the determination to practise what he preached. In the pursuit of his plan of action for the political independence and social emancipation of the people of India, he was not deflected from his path either by the hostility of the right wing, or by the mischievous misrepresentation of the so-called leftists. Mr. Roy's philosophical writings and speeches, besides revealing him as a great thinker, have contributed a good deal to the clarification of the intellectual atmosphere clouded with the mist of glorification of old traditions, the talk of the spiritual genius of our people, and the special mission of India.

PERILS OF ART AS LIVELIHOOD

By DEVI PRASAD ROY CHOWDHURY

EVERY earned livelihood is the reward of a struggle which ends in the pursuit of self-preservation. The artist cannot escape from this necessity if he were to live by his own earnings. Therefore he has to sell his pictures for a return to keep going.

The paymaster pats the artist with a patronizing spirit. His sympathy broadly hints at lowering the price to suit his convenience. The artist readily yields by presenting a very happy appearance. But one who is in the know of things will say that what is observed on the surface is not true. The expression worn is a mask. It is used to hide a stream of tears drawn out by the current of many a disappointment.

Despite these depressing factors the artist has one consolation to his credit, and that is that he does not feel the pangs of hunger as much as an average man with good appetite does. In his case, the pain of hunger has become quite bearable due to habit.

Business in general is created by the needs of interested parties, the buyer and the seller. But in matters of art, the need is confined to one side. It is the need of the artist, who has to keep himself occupied without having a prospective buyer in view. He cannot help painting, because he is haunted by an irresistible force and compelled by it to give vent to an expression which demands an immediate release. He is subject to fits of inspiration, which some wise men think to be a disorder of the mental faculty.

Placed as he is, the artist cannot afford to look for security or for any provision of an appropriate return for his work, such as any businessman does, to safeguard his interests. The assessment of the monetary value of his work is left to the mercy of those who evade proper payment but yet are recognised as connoisseurs, patrons, and so on. The connoisseur endowed with the gift of supporting the cause of art is a rare being in our country. Those we are familiar with, are in most cases made to order by force of circumstances. The motivating element behind their patronage is vanity, and not appreciation, as it should be. Eventually, the acquisition of an object of art serves as a symbol of status rather than as evidence of the owner's taste.

Has not the artist sense of honour enough to rise against this sort of treatment which he receives for no fault of his own? Of course, he has. In fact he is no less sensitive to hurt than any other honourable being. But how is he to drive the fact home and claim a recognition in society where everybody seems to be wiser than himself? Can the artist dare to reveal his heart bleeding for justice, and even if he were bold enough to take a risk, would anyone care to listen to him, rated as he is, as the most formidable enemy of simple life? Is he not regarded as an accomplished seducer of innocent victims who succumb to the glamour of his art that produces nothing else but accessories to luxury? Does he not freely use these objects to excite sensuous inclinations? His success in this direction is so wide that even holy places apparently have not been spared his unabashed assaults. Quite a number of our temple sculptures in stone bear witness to this awful propensity of the artist, and the serene atmosphere of the holy places has been subjected to pollution by the erotic message of the artist. The creations which convey the message, though old in age, are yet uncomfortably fresh and virile.

The pious naturally get perturbed when they come in direct contact with hard stone transformed by the artist so as to look like soft human

flesh, and that too of the full-fledged youth of the fair sex. The attraction of the enchanting contours of those shapely figures is so great that even the pious find it difficult to resist it. They are made to realise that they are no less prone to sensuous impulses than common men. So the holy men get themselves entrapped into confessing that a sincere message of the artist tells nothing else but truth, which must be acknowledged. With this passport from the saintly, the artist proceeds to cherish the hope that the response evoked by his art is neither a sin nor a crime but just compliance with the law of nature.

This is one aspect of human emotion. Similarly, there are other emotions, and the devotional is one of them. We shall do well to note that all emotions function under certain provocations and the effect in each case is conditioned by environmental influences in keeping with the temperament and sensitive quality of the individual. However powerful a man-made religion or code of morals might be, it would be powerless against a greater force to which the individual is apt to surrender on account of his susceptible temperament. The values of all emotions are just the same in the realm of art, because they only serve to be the means and not the end. The end is the consolidation of the total effect, that is to say, the achievement of a form of beauty.

HOW does the artist fare in his profession to meet the demands of modern times and solve his problem of a steady income? The only place that offers a prospect of doing this is a commercial firm which utilises the services of the artist for a lucrative return. Here the artist has to go through a rigid course of discipline which ultimately makes him a mere machine. As a result, the employer is placed in a position of vantage to secure a calculated profit, because a machine does not feel but works obediently without exhaustion or protest. Thus volumes of popular art are reproduced in no time and at a very low cost. It is manipulated by the skill of the artist in co-operation with the brain of a businessman who knows how to exploit. There could have been no exploitation of profit if the artist had been allowed freedom of thought. So art is made to cater to popular taste at the cost of the artist's soul. All tastes are created and then they are acquired either by close association or by the pressure of fashion or exploitation. One can see what this popular taste means and where it may lead to.

This is not the full story of the artist's plight. There are the ill-informed critics gifted with strong likes and dislikes. These use as weapons their own convictions based on fancies stimulated by some prevailing fashion. The convictions are driven home to make the innocent believe that the critic can do no wrong. Once his verdict is recorded in print, it stands for ever, though his assertions might verge on profound ignorance. This little drawback however does not undermine his authority, since his articles are in demand to fill up special columns, strictly reserved for cultural issues. The editors do not as a rule interfere with the contents so long as they have the quality of abstruseness and are veiled in becoming obscurity of language. Indiscriminate comment is invented either to boost an artist to dizzy heights or hurl another down to perdition for not surrendering to the views of the critic.

We can conclude from all this, that the life of an artist is not always that of a dreamer as is assumed. On the contrary, he is as much under the crushing wheels of stern realities as any common man is. The only difference between the common man and the creative artist is that no amount of persuasive lessons can impel the latter to give up the struggle in pursuit of art and take up some other profession as a common man would.

If the situation is to be saved from further deterioration, it is necessary that our minds should be liberated from the *don'ts* of rigid conventions that seem very nearly to have frozen them. These conventions might have served some good purpose in the remote past, but they have ceased to have any value today since there is

a world of difference between life then and life in our present environment. The process of evolution or the warmth of life that seeks harmony through toleration and adjustments means nothing to the followers of the conventions, for the simple reason that their blood has become cold, as cold as fossils buried for ages under masses of ice. Therefore they can be classed as mobile carcases who exist only for negation by preaching ideals like self-denial, simplicity and so on, of course without knowing the full implications of their preachings.

Self-denial might have a lofty ideal as its basis but in practice it betrays its own cause, since every deed has an objective to fulfil, and the fulfilment awards a satisfaction which is like the return of a dividend. As an act of negation must be devoid of any return, self-denial is a contradiction in terms, and conveys no meaning to the intelligent.

Similarly, the idea of simplicity is enwrapped in illusion. It must have been intended to save people from indulgence in extravagance; but to our misfortune, it has been misinterpreted, and it has gradually become perverted into a dogma for the discouragement of physical comforts. Comfort as such is relative, and the standard of comfort differs in different stations of life. If it did not, a beggar in rags would have been acclaimed as the simplest man living on earth. But we do not make a hero of a beggar because he wears a minimum of clothes and is unmindful of their rotten condition. The fact is, the poor man had no choice in the matter of better clothes though he had no lack of desire to wear them if that were possible. It is a case of poverty and not simplicity.

Simplicity in its true form involves the overcoming of complexities. It entails an adjustment eliminating a discord created by a jumble of jarring elements. This cannot be achieved unless the heart echoes to the call of a higher existence which does not necessarily mean the discarding of physical comforts.

It would not be folly, in the circumstances, to live a full life, enjoying the benefit of the best that the good earth can give and that man can achieve with his intelligence, while helping to interpret the human emotions that vitally concern you and me.

THIS is of course wishful thinking. If it does not come to pass, it is because misused ideals have developed into a mental disease that has become contagious. But the disease can be checked before it assumes an alarming stage. The only thing that can check it is the right type of education, particularly at home.

The Government and a few lovers of art are doing their best to help the artist in every way they can. But it is not possible for any Government or a few lovers of art to pay all their attention to one particular faculty only, or to relieve each and every individual artist in his struggle by means of a regular supply of commissions. It is the duty of the public to see that the contributions to art which add to the national cultural wealth do not fade away for the reasons mentioned here.—*Condensed from two talks broadcast from A. I. R., Vijayawada.*

✶

HORRIFIED HEROES

". . . I was told the story of two Dutch sailors who had been caught in the air-raid. They had been actively celebrating their shore leave and were in the merriest of moods when the sirens went. When the worst was over they heard that a nearby shelter had been blocked by a fall of rubble in the middle of which lay an unexploded time-bomb. Full of strong drink and fellow-feeling, the two Dutchmen made for the rubble, routed around and dragged out the time-bomb. Then they staggered around until they met someone who lent them the screw-driver they were asking for, and back to the bomb they went, unscrewed the time-fuse and threw it away. They were horrified the next morning when they learned what their Dutch courage had led them to do. Why, it might have been dangerous, one of them declared, and both wisely nodded their heads. No one was more surprised than they to hear they had been sent medals for bravery by the King . . ."

From Inside North Pole
by
Pieter Dourlein

SHORT STORY

A Pair of Blue Chappals

By Gora Sastri

If at the end of this narration you search for the point of it, it would be in vain, for it is utterly pointless. I am temperamentally sort of a thoroughly pointless man and therefore it is inconceivable that anything connected with me could ever have a point.

It is a tale of yesterday. It happened in a place that was far off—lonesome and sad and estranged in a way from other places of the world. To be precise, it was a railroad colony near a junction station and in those days I was a young railwayman. The colony itself was dreary. Not much was there except rows and rows of clean little two-room cottages that housed much middle-class shiftlessness, avenues of *sal* trees, a market and a main road. It was the only road in the colony but we exalted it to a main road. It ran alongside the railway line, flanked by barbed-wire fencing and the majestic *sal* trees, their branches meeting overhead to form into a thick canopy of green from which reverberated at all odd hours the choir of strange birds.

If you walked along the main road of a December evening at sun-set time, in the thick smoke-like fog settled already, there was nothing whatsoever to do. That particular evening we were doing exactly that —I mean walking—myself and my friend Murti. Silently, unhurriedly, puffing relishingly at our cigarettes. The road was lonely, almost dark and deserted. The chirupping and the hooting of birds only heightened the prevailing stillness and I was afraid for no apparent reason. I was carrying in my hand an empty hand-bag and its weight seemed to pull down my hand from its joint. Was Murti also feeling like that? I wondered for he was also carrying a bag in his hand and it was not empty either. It contained something—light in weight but heavy with the richness of memories. I looked at him but in the hazy twilight dimmed by fog I could not make out anything from his vague face that looked strangely unfamiliar and not unlike one of those terrible dim faces we encounter with in dreams, sexless and pale, with dark eyes that turned inward so sharply that made you realise with a shudder that they were exchanging with each other some secret gaze of grief.

We just walked along, goaded by our own thoughts, which were wretched and exasperatingly confused. It was like that since that afternoon. After tea, we sat in the room, the three of us, myself Murti and Lalitha, his wife. Not a word was exchanged between us. Murti spread before himself a pack of cards and furiously played solitaire, occasionally deceiving himself in the game. I tried to read a book but understanding failed and my mind got bogged up in a page and like an old broken gramophone record repeating the same sound, making it mad and meaningless, I was reading the same paragraph over and over again. It was no use. The boredom was unimaginably oppressive. Lalitha sat before us on a cot, trying to mend an old torn saree. A dark-haired young woman, Lalitha was, with lips that smiled without provocation and dark eyes that were gentle but as mysterious as the night and as impersonal as the stars. Lalitha was the wife of a middle-class wage-earner, living in a remote upcountry railway colony where life went on at an even pace, in a dull routine-like way, where today was just the echo of yesterday and tomorrow, of today. But here was a personality that in a different set-up would have inspired creative artists to portray her in pigment and words. But such a description would only be an idle projection of an imaginative tangent into the realm of day-dreaming. It is neither here nor there. That particular afternoon, we sat in the room each silently hating the other and wanting to be alone. "Shall we go out and buy some sweets at the refreshment stall?" I suggested to Murti, unable to bear the tension. Lalitha smiled. "We have no money. All that is left in the house is some small change—less than a rupee." I looked at Murti. He stared back at me. Did my careless suggestion remind him of the letter he received that morning from his aged, rich and

miserly father asking for money? I did not know. It might be. Or he might be thinking of his young unmarried sister condemned to spinsterhood only because the father simply did not have the heart to part with a little of his money as dowry. Or he might be thinking of Lalitha, proud aristocratic Lalitha who got under his skin and disturbed his peace of mind when all that he wanted in life was a quiet even tenor of work, rest and a cosy home. He found to his dismay the pressure of life and the personality of Lalitha larger than his inclinations and he trembled inwardly.

HE stared aimlessly around the room and saw in a corner a pair of old blue *chappals.*

"Lalitha!" he said, "Your *chappals* need mending."

Without lifting her eyes from her work, she replied: "They are too old to stand any mending. We bought them on our first wedding anniversary and that was three years ago. There is no more life in them."

"No" he protested. "They are old no doubt but the cobbler can make something out of them. We shouldn't throw away good things like that. With a little repair and a patch up here and there, we can use them again!"

That was just like Murti, I thought. He got up, wrapped those pair of chappals in a piece of paper, and shoved them in a bag. I too got up and putting on my shirt, said, "Come, let us go to the cobbler who sits there by the main road. He styles himself the 'shoe doctor.' Let us see if he can help us." Lalitha stared at me with infinite pity in her eyes and smiled. When we left, she closed the door on us, without a word.

That was why we were walking along the road on that winter evening, silent, side by side, but each of us lonely within our inmost selves.

We saw him, the 'shoe doctor' squatting by the roadside, with his 'shop' and 'factory' spread before him. He was puffing at a cigar, safely hammering a piece of leather on the anvil. Somehow that dark evening, foggy and frightening as if some invisible ghosts were floating in the air, this cobbler on the open road made me feel small before him and humble.

We stood in front of him.

"Yes, Sir!" he said, enquiringly. It sounded to me like the voice of God.

"We have a pair of *chappals* to be repaired," said my friend timidly, handing them over to him. The vile cobbler, I thought, why should we be afraid of him? To us—the white collared *babus* of society, what was a cobbler to us?

"H'm," said the cobbler, "Let me see them, Sir." He felt them for a second in his hands and said, "Sir! you are probably playing a joke on me!"

"What do you mean!" protested my friend.

"These *chappals* are fit only for the scrapheap, Sir, throw them away to some needy, hungry dog! They are much too worn out and beyond repair. They will crumble into bits if I put my needle to them." That was the cheeky remark made by the cobbler.

My friend said in a feeble voice, "But how can we throw them away? They were so nice, and attractive when we bought them, with gold coloured lace and all that. Besides, we have a sentimental affection for them."

"—Even *chappals* have their youth and old age, Sir!" intervened the cobbler, "like the humans. And when the time comes, we must throw them away, sentiment or no sentiment."

I shuddered at the cobbler's cold logic. "Cobbler!" I intervened, "do not talk like a character that walked out of one of Tolstoy's stories. We want those *chappals* to be repaired. Therefore, be a sport and go ahead."

"Tolstoy? Never heard of him, Sir. Did he live in these parts?" He coughed a little and said. "All right sir, you *babus* are all like that, Cannot throw away things lazily. Let me see. It is already dark now and my vision is blurred."

"Feel them with your hands," I helpfully suggested, "and wherever your fingers touch decay, mend it there."

He became silent and quickly worked on them, putting on a stitch here and a fresh patch of leather there. After a few minutes he gave them back to us saying, "Here you

are, sir. I have done my best. But I may tell you once again, they are dead. They will only be a drag on the lady's pretty feet. Better throw them away, Sir, and go in for something new, fresh."

"Enough," I said, trying to put some dignity into my voice, "what is your charge?"

"Charge?" he said, "no charge. No decent cobbler worth his trade will condescend to mend such old junk. Please don't tell anyone I have mended them."

"Good," muttered my friend, "that means some annas saved."

We walked back home silently, like two defeated soldiers. Phantoms of doubts created a hullabaloo in my mind. Yes, I surrendered to my inner voice, you are right, cobbler. The past is too much with us and inside is a storehouse of infinite pairs of those blue *chappals*. Only, they take the shape of broken affections, forgotten hatreds, thrice-dead and utterly unwanted beliefs, carcasses of joys long since vanished, moments of happiness once bejewelled but now turned into tinsel illusions petrified halfway and many things more, weird and bizarre, oppressing our emotions and twisting our personalities. There is no escape from this and we carry on, bewildered, lost.

We reached home. Lalitha took the pair of *chappals* into her hands, looked at them tenderly for a while and went out. She came back in a minute.

"What have you done with them?" exclaimed my friend.

She replied with a cool determined voice, "I threw them away. I would rather walk without *chappals* than carry those old dead ones on my feet."

I heard a distinct groan in the the heart of my friend. He understood. Such an understanding could be cruel in its impact, it could be pitiless. At that naked moment he was aware of how exactly the remainder of his life was going to be and that awareness made him tremble. But what is the point in a man trembling before himself? That is why I said in the very beginning that this is an utterly pointless incident.

—(Courtesy A. I. R., Madras)

One Moment in Annihilation's Waste . . .

A DARK room, and a lighted candle. Enter a moth. As it flew from window to window, its gay course uncharted, it knew no evil. Then it saw the light. and alas, its heart was transfixed. Curious, it reached forwards; the candle gave it heat and light. In the warmth of its love the moth basked and fluttered. Never a love more strange and passionate! The creature darted about, not daring to close in. Its cautious circles gave place to recklessness at times. The light heeded it not. Intrigued, it drew closer. The light burned on. Yet closer. Desperate, it approached, carried away by the tempest in its heart. The unseen urge and the passion which drew it inexorably onward, as one could see the finger of Doom point and say "This for your love!" stayed not for the arresting hand of an agonized observer. Onward, insensate, amorous creature! Too late now, and obsessed with a love destined to be tragic, it approached the flame. Its eyes glowed, and its wings shimmered. It lost judgment, and all the passion in its heart was seen in the thrill of its body and the eager excitement of its wings, and the breathless spell of its eyes . . .

One tender moment of suspense—joyous anticipation of the end of a quest—and it stretched its body to the flame in a voluptuous movement and yet one as holy as a flower-offering to a Deity! All the happiness the moth craved was its; its chosen lover was its; its destiny fulfilled in a consummation of sacrifice.

For a moment, the absorbing, tremulous, soul-consuming kiss, and the tumultuous passion and abandonment rising as a sea-wave, and dashing itself over the rock of reason, over and over! Just a moment—or eternity?—when the moth was in a dream of Heaven—and Hell. Its scorched body tumbled over the candle . . .

The light burned on.

By M. Sivaramakrishna Rao

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FAMED Edith Sitwell of the Sitwell tree,
sister to Osbert and Sacheverell,
long is the public's memory,
it sure can tell
a tale so well
of *Wheels*—to your resounding credit,
that you with your brothers did edit
eight and thirty years ago
(what tides have been since—high and low!),
to blast,
lambaste
the land and lights of Georgian Poetry!

"Morbid," sniffed one,
"Gloomy," cried another,
but you didn't bother,
you had your fun,
your ferocious japes
struck at your rival's napes.

Wheels! Wheels! Wheels!
Oh!—how you listen'd to the squeals
of asses in the lion's skin
who added to the vulgar din,
the female of the species too,
with their frisks and frizzles and frou-frou.

A long, long way you now have come
to your own cymbal-clash tra-ra of drum
to the rattle of bangles

and the scatter of spangles,
from that distant day
(when you heard the light creaking down the stairway)—
of *The Mother*
and other
glowing poems, more glowing prose
blown through diamond bellows;
aubade,
facade,
harlequinade;
comedies bucolic
in transcendental technique,
and from among these
and trees like green geese,
post
to the Gold Coast,
most musical to describe
the curious Ashantee tribe;
then a gazelle's lope
to Alexander Pope,
to William Shakespeare
and his fools so dear,
and for a while to *Live Under*
a Black Sun with the wonder-
creator of Gulliver—
and then off to trim the wicks
of the English eccentrics,
then back again to poetic pleasures
garnering a fine motley of treasures
for the glories
of anthologies—
Winter, Flower,—
and from the Atlantic's thither side,
the Muse's ancient and nascent pride,—
and asudden in a rapturous hour,
in the hush of the garden close,
singing *The Canticle of the Rose!*

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velvet and fustian,
full of snakes and ladders
and balloons and bladders,
of blossoms and dust
and rime and rust,
of breezes, butterflies,
and love's strangled cries,
"in this age of the Furies
and the hues of false victories;"
Oh!—the sun wears a mask.
and the wine bursts the cask,
as a stream from the heart
and the earth cracks apart,
the moon is aswoon,
the roar turns a croon,
a rune in a plenilune
weird; and the bright blood
is blackened with mud.

"And in the gardens the airs sing of growth:
The orange-tree still sighs,
"I am the Dark that changed to water and to air,

The water and the air that changed to gold—
The gold that turned into a plant. From the cool wave
of the air grows a smooth
Stem, and from this the gold, cold orange-tree.

And happy as the Sun, the gardeners
See all miasmas from the human filth as the dung
In which to sow great flowers,
Tall moons and mornings, seeds, and sires, and suns."

Edith, your stately, sibylline notes
swell and sweep
from the deep
of a hundred kaleidoscopic throats;
and the heart leans and listens
dim as the dew that glistens
in a sapphire sun, drawing its breath
and to itself whispereth:
Life is no scare,
there's nought to despair,
the sire becomes the seed in death . . .

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

Ramayana
Parts I & II
By Shudha Mazumdar
Bharatiya Vidya Bhawan, Bombay
Re. 1-12 as. Each Part

CULTURED, well-read and versatile Shudha Mazumdar took nearly four years to study the various versions of the *Ramayana*, and by one of those rare coincidences that delight the world of letters, her enthusiasm for the epic attained its crown when Bharatiya Vidya Bhawan decided on its publication.

Following the version of Krithivasa Thiruthulu, Shudha Mazumdar has kept complete fidelity to the various episodes, life and teachings of Rama. The prose rendering is simple and sustains the reader interest throughout this long story of love, renunciation, adventure, war, and the homcoming of Rama, Rama's defeat at the hands of his sons Lava and Kusa, Sita's return to her mother, Earth, and finally the ascension of Rama to Vikuntha, finishing the work allotted to him by the Gods on this earth.

To bring Valmiki's *Ramayana* home to the English-speaking world in all its glory, from the homely and human to the terrible and sublime is perhaps no easy task. It is very difficult for any translator to preserve the spirit of the original, with its subtle varieties of metre and rhyme, and a literal translation would sound harsh. A translation has to abandon something of the rhythm in an effort to make the lofty characters speak in modern English. The *Ramayana* needs no introduction to the Indians for whom it is a part of their rich heritage. And it is evident that the present author's is an attempt to make it comprehensible in an interesting form, to the Western reader.

The qualities that one looks forward to in a translation are lucidity, restraint and vitality. The prose of Shudha Mazumdar has all these. In putting subtle *slokas* into simple prose, one is forced to give up something of their poetry. The *Ramayana* of course, has its own philosophic appeal but no one can deny the value of charming descriptions, edifying dialogues and luminous excursions into character through dramatic situations. For expressing the spontaneous overflow of that most fundamental of sentiments, *Karuna,* Valmiki's words set themselves to the natural cadance called by the occasion and we have as a result the most beautiful, soul-stirring and artistic poem ever conceived and executed by man. One may miss the exciting experience in a prose version of the epic but in the measure in which Shudha Mazhumdar achieves it and passes it on to the readers, the task which she set for herself and its completion should be said to be creditable.

K. RAMALAKSHMI

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The Asom Sahitya Sabha
Compiled by Kesav Narayan Dutt
Published by the Asom Sahitya Sabha, Shillong
Re. 1

MODERN Assam, known as Pragjyotisha and Kamrupa in the Bharatvarsha of old, is a land beautiful. It is rich in mineral resources and other bounties of nature. Its people have a fine cultural tradition and as they are formed from the admixture of the austric, alpo-dinaric races of Braty Aryans, Tibeto-Burmese, and at a later period Vedic Aryans Assam's language (and literature) has derived the colour and characteristics of all these races. The present pamphlet complied neatly and briefly by Mr. Kesav Narayan Dutt introduces the Asom Sahitya Sabha which is the foremost Literary Association in Assam, giving details of its foundation constitution, aims, and objects. Mr. Dutt is General Secretary of the Sabha and holds too a high responsible position as Deputy Director of Historical and Antiquarian studies in Assam. Eminent Assamese *litterateurs* like Sarat Chandra Goswami, Padmanath Gohain Barua, Satyanath Bora, Lakshminath Bezbaroa have shed their lustre on this association.

The Asom Sahitya Sabha, as presented by Mr. Dutt, can be read profitably along with *Assamese Literature: Ancient and Modern* by Dr. S. K. Bhuyan. Such cultural pamphlets would help a good deal in the integration of states, linguistically divided. Politics can go to the devil and have its deep sea chopping; let it leave literature to grow in its beauty and nobility. MITRA

THE BIG SLEEP

"MAKE me a cosy cot
And fetch it tomorrow"—
Home went the carpenter
His face downcast
Forgotten the order.
At dawn he arrived
Carrying a curio—
A cross between
Cot and coffin
And found the master
Awaiting the latter.

M. GOVINDAN

WHERE THE COLOUR LINE HITS EVERYBODY

By DOUGLAS BLANCHARD

South Africa is a marvellous place to visit, says this writer but every year fear is making it a bigger nightmare to live in.

"NOW you're going to realize how lucky you are to be a Canadian," a group of businessmen told me as I landed at South Africa's big airport a few miles from Johannesburg.

"How come?" I asked.

"You're going to be hit by a colour line," they said.

"But I'm not coloured," I said.

And it didn't take many hours to find out they were right. I got hit hard.

The 2,000,000 whites in South Africa are scared. They want to keep down 9,000,000 black natives—and they don't know how to do it. They realize they're prodding those natives into a blind fury. They know the murder rate is soaring. They read defiance in every black face. They see growing black self-education on every side. They admit it's logical to assume that 9,000,000 enlightened human beings aren't going to submit to serfdom forever. But they honestly believe in white supremacy and they want to preserve white civilization in Africa.

Whites Are Split

IF the whites were united they might be able to work out something sensible. But they're split wide open between 60 per cent Afrikaners, who are descendants of the old Boers, and 40 per cent English settlers and business people. Now the Nationalist Party of Premier Malan has been returned to power. Its solution to the native problem is suppression and still more suppression ruthlessly enforced with no regard for humanity or compromise or world opinion. There's nothing more stubborn than a Boer. That explains the fantastic lengths to which racial segregation is being pushed. It explains the strange doctrine of "apartheid" or racial separateness.

By completely separating blacks and whites the Nationalists think they can solve the native problem. Eventually they would like to have all blacks confined to special reserves off by themselves. But they realize the main source of labour for the growing industrial revolution here is black labour. So they have set up the most fantastic colour line in existence. It hits you at every place you go.

The Password

"EUROPEANS only" is the password. No matter what you do or where you go or what you say, you make sure you keep on that side of the fence. If you want to sit in a waiting room at an airport you look for that sign first or you're, maybe, breaking the law—because the colour line works both ways. If you want to go to a washroom, you make sure that sign is over the door. The same for ticket counters, stamp vendors, wickets in every sort of public building everywhere.

The Nationalists have ousted English as a South African language. Right now the dominant language in everything connected with public service is Afrikaans—a curious Dutch dialect that developed from the speech of the Boers on their lonely farms. A foreigner just can't make head or tail of Afrikaans. But you soon learn the one word for European and the three words for native that hit you in the face everywhere you look. Even the elevators in most hotels have these signs on them.

Looks Like Joke

WHEN you go into the post office in Johannesburg you can't just walk in. You have to find the doorway for Europeans only. When you ride a train you not only have to stay in the white man's car, you wait on a white platform, buy your ticket

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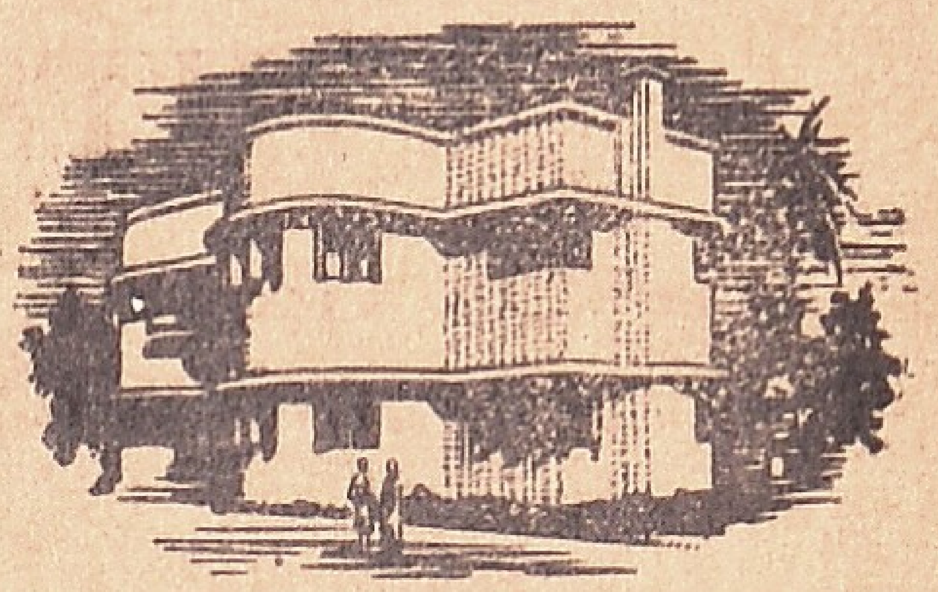
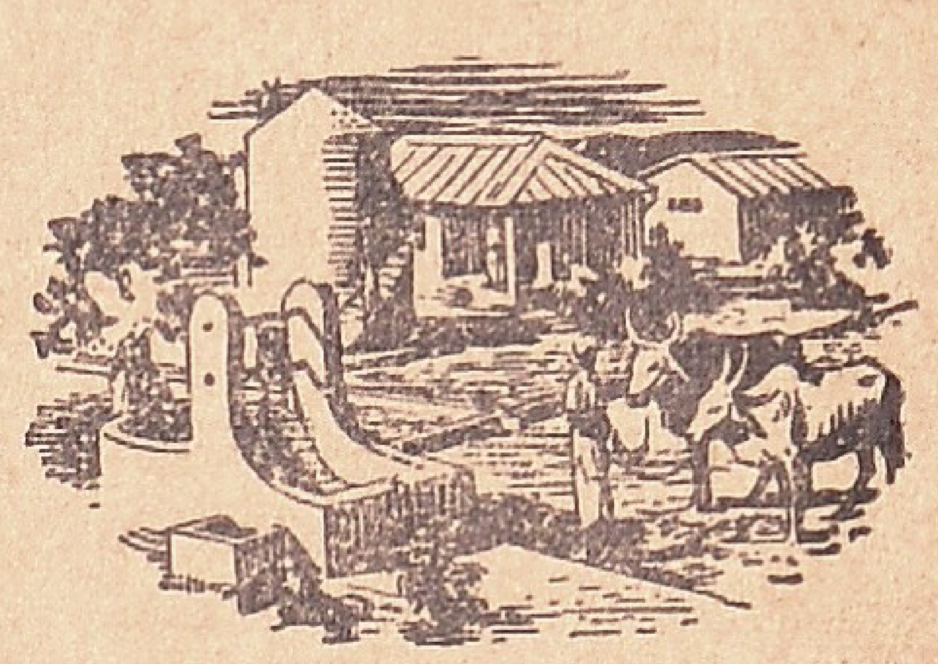


HOUSES



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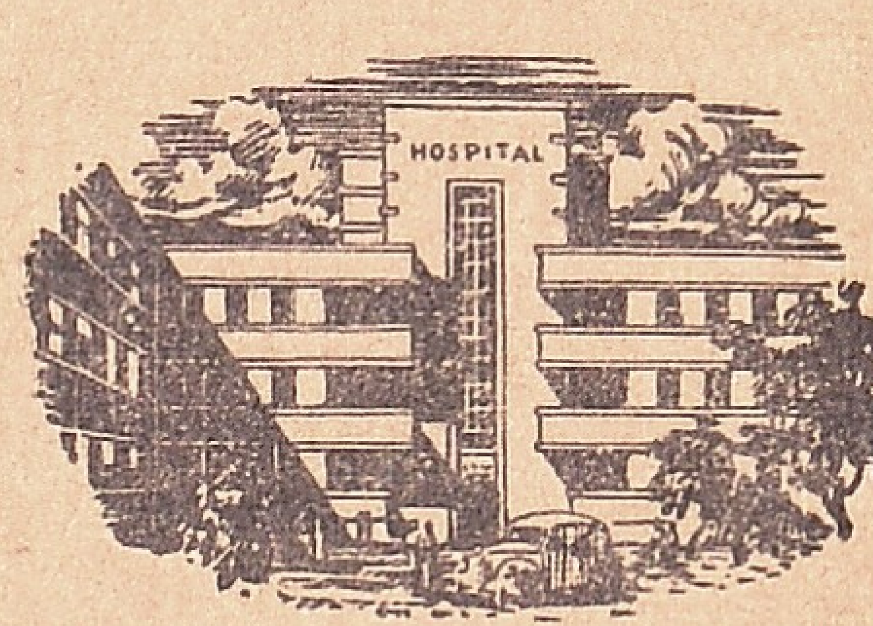
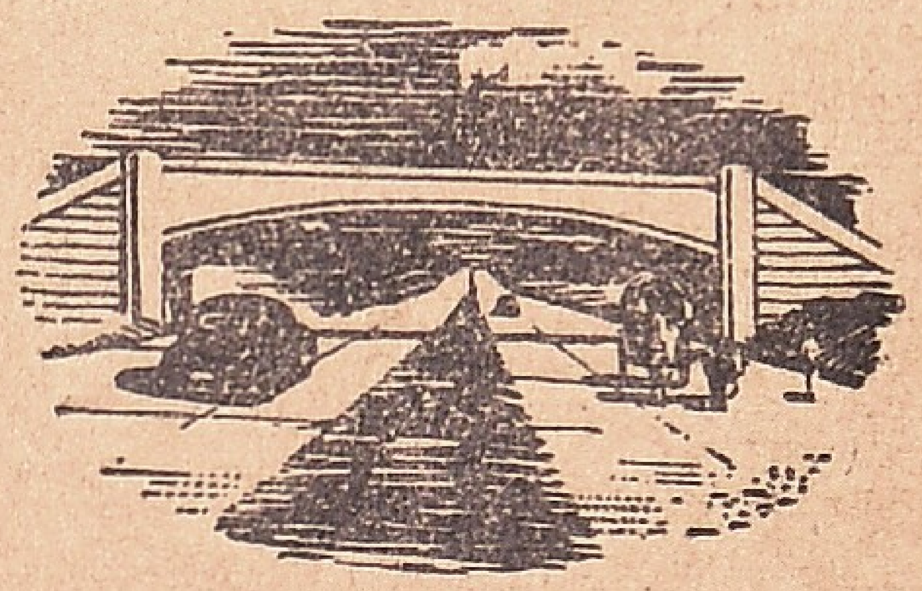


HOSPITALS



BRIDGES

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from a white seller, go out by a white door and try to get a taxi at a white stand.

Theoretically the government is succeeding in keeping black and white apart. Actually it hasn't got to first base. Go into any store and chances are you'll be jostled aside by a group of black customers. Business puts profits before colour or race. It will have no part in any policy that chases the biggest market away from its doors. So far Malan hasn't been able to do anything about it.

Drive your car a block and you'll feel chills go down your spine as black drivers do everything they can to unnerve you, short of scraping your fenders. Walk the streets and the chances are you're pushed aside by black pedestrians. Go to the suburbs and you find white babies and children of the well-to-do completely in the hands of black nursemaids. Go to the factories and you'll find black and white working together. At first sight it looks like one big joke; this apartheid. Actually it's murder.

Life in Slums

THOUSANDS of natives are flocking to the cities every day to get jobs in the new industrial revolution. But they can't be absorbed into city life because of apartheid. The result is that most of them have to live in vast suburban slums called locations where they are deliberately kept at the level of dumb animals. The death rate in these places is soaring.

Big business is alarmed. It has to tap the black labour supply or close up shop. So, vast new housing projects for natives have got as far as the blueprint stage only to run head-on against apartheid in government priorities. Why build new houses for natives who aren't supposed to be near the cities anyway? Just the same, progressive bodies like the Johannesburg City Council are going ahead with projects costing millions.

They're just using sound common sense. If the blacks are going to do the work they have to live. Meanwhile they're getting angrier every day. They're perfect material for Communist propaganda, and the Reds are taking full advantage of it —laws or no laws. Look around a native location and you'll see some of the most lurid posters in the world. Even in the main streets you see them. And they're being acted on. Whites are now afraid to go near the locations. In Kenya there are Mau Mau murders. In Johannesburg there are just murders. South Africa is a strategic target in world power politics and the Reds are trying to bore from within. But most of these blacks are not Communists—yet.

Taxi Driver's Story

"I SERVED with the King's African Rifles during the last war," said a black taxi driver in Cape Town. "Until this apartheid started, things looked bright for me. I have a home in Cape Town because the colour line hasn't been bad here. since Cape Town is largely English and cosmopolitan. But Malan is putting the clamps on us now. I have to give up my house and go out and live in a native quarter. I have to give up my cab and work for a European at a commission. Can you wonder if I feel sore? Even our veterans' club is being put behind the new colour line. And things will get worse. I know Afrikaners. They hate us."

There's no colour line against disease. It spreads fast under South African conditions. It's spreading from the locations right into the heart of town. Even in the best hotels the work is done and the food is handled by commuters from the suburban slums. Mental disease is worse, Hate hurts clear thinking.

How else can you explain the growing discrimination against the large community of Indian origin—highly educated, cultured and commercial? Or the spread of apartheid to the Cape Coloured, a large group of half-breeds formerly looked on with favour and given the full franchise? They voted against the Nationalists last election. So the Nationalists passed a law depriving them of the vote. Now they're on the wrong side of apartheid, along with the colourful Malay colony in Cape Town—a major element in the population, with temples, schools and clubs of

their own. The Nationalists have decreed they have to leave—move to new segregated areas.

The Nationalist Case

MAYBE you think the English are safe. But the Boers have already passed language laws which, in some cases, compel parents who have always spoken English to send their children to Afrikaans language schools. English in government service are feeling the pressure. Many English civil servants have already left for distant parts. Maybe you can't call this particular hate a part of the colour line—but it's Nationalist hate which means apartheid. The Boers have never forgiven the English for defeating them in the Boer War. They can't kick the English out because of their connections abroad and their money—but they can do some next best things.

Most Boers are frankly republican. During the early years of the war they were openly pro-Nazi. They are still largely dominated by a semi-secret society called the Broederbond which has often told the politicians what to do. But Prime Minister Malan knows the country can't stand alone. So he tells the back bench boys to keep quiet and keeps the Commonwealth commercial links after kicking British sentiment overboard.

If you're a newspaperman here you feel the new government restrictions on free speech and a free press. You can't write what you like—not while you're living in the Union of South Africa. In Cape Town I had to spend a lot of time telling newsmen what the prospects were in Canada for this line of work. Some figured they'd better pull out before the set-up got too impossible. Even the Minister of Posts has threatened in Parliament to turn back the cables and letters of foreign correspondents who "misrepresent."

Can It Succeed?

CAN apartheid succeed? Let's be fair. Let's listen to what an official of the Native Affairs Department has to say for it. Boiling it down to its essence, his contention runs like this: In a mixed community the Bantu would eventually be in a position to gain the franchise and then where would white civilization be? He would gain social and economic equality and then you'd have a half-breed nation. The only possible alternative is partition of the nation into two racial groups—strictly quarantined. Maybe the industrial revolution makes it possible to send the black men back to his native reserves.

All right, we'll put him in separate residential communities where he can run his own affairs and mind his own business. Nothing unfair about that, is there? Maybe there are black suburban slums now. But we can't do everything overnight. Give us time. Nobody knew there was going to be such a big industrial boom. Nobody could foresee this tremendous rush of black labour to urban areas.

But all this is beside the point. We have a beautiful country worth living in. Do you want to turn the whole thing over to the blacks? What would they do to us? We have children. Our forefathers settled here and made South Africa what it is. We're going to hand it on to our children intact. Would you Canadians think for a moment of turning your Dominion back to the natives? The only reason that question looks silly to you is that there are so few natives. The idea is the same when you say we should make one black equal one white throughout Africa. Maybe we are fighting a losing battle. But we're going to fight, and there's no other way we can fight. If there is, tell us about it.

The Answer

ALL right. Let's try to answer this official (who certainly has a tough job). Experts estimate that 50 years from now there will be 20,000,000 blacks in South Africa and 6,000,000 whites. The blacks will no longer be savages. They will be white men in everything but the colour of their skin. To talk about keeping them on their present reserves is just silly. The reserves find it hard to support even the present residents.

Even today the blacks read the papers, listen to the radio, see our movies, shop in our stores, are sway-

ed by our advertisements, read our books, argue with our trade union leaders, drive our cars, buy our gadgets, join separate branches of our churches. Suppose you do keep them in separate areas of every city and town; they are still going to gain eventual equality and, with the ballot, control of the country. Which brings us out of the realm of theory to reality.

Travel around South and you'll see that this official and the Nationalists in general are just kidding themselves. There's racial war here, and it's war to the death. It's suppression and more suppression.

In actual practice, the average Nationalist in South Africa regards a black as an animal whose function is to minister to white comfort and convenience with no feelings or rights or thinking capacity of his own whatsoever. This might work out all right if the black actually were savage. But he has advanced so far in a few years that, in most cases, he's just a white man with a black skin. That's what the Afrikaner has failed to understand.

Yes, those businessmen were right when they told me at Johannesburg airport: "Now you're going to realize how lucky you are to be a Canadian." South Africa is a marvellous country to visit. Every year it's becoming a bigger nightmare to live in.—*Copyright—NNF.*

Art and Ahimsa

BY JAMES H. COUSINS

IT is possible that the sponsoring of a Bill for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals by Srimathi Rukmini Devi, who was nominated to the Council of States as representative of art, may have been looked upon by some as a "paradox." But paradox is not a mere contradiction in terms. A standard dictionary defines paradox as "apparently absurd—but really true."

The truth of a paradox in word or action will depend on an ideal greater than itself. The ideal that makes Srimathi Rukmini Devi's apparent paradox "really true" comes out through the ancient Indian term ahimsa (harmlessness), which she declared to be the ideal that she sought to uphold in her Bill.

As an artist, she instinctively lifts the matter of harmlessness in human relationships with the animal kingdom from sentiment to being an art. Not something to talk approvingly about while digesting fragments of deceased animals; but something to do to relieve the animal world from the cruelties inflicted on it in religious observance, for scientific enquiry, for sport, fashion, food or amusement. Srimathi Rukmani Devi, as in John Stuart Mill's definition of art, proposes to herself an end, and sets about finding means to effect it.

In a large sense, her aim is to free animals to live their own lives under the limitations that are natural to them; and to express themselves in the distinctive manner of their species—perky birds chirping, sad-faced buffaloes grunting.

Now this is the central principle of art—freedom of the artist to expression according to his and her own temperament through the accepted limitations of the individual art.

In the relative universe nothing can be absolute; and Srimathi Rukmini Devi, with the vision of the practical idealist, sees that the freedom which she has sought for the animals has to have its exceptions; rabid dogs to be destroyed by electrocution; and animals confined in public places for the edification of humanity are to be surrounded by essential but harmless conditions.

Ahimsa as an ideal means harmlessness; in application to life it means the elimination of unnecessary harmfulness, such as vivisection and cruelty to animals in pursuit of knowledge.

Now if ahimsa is an art, and in its fulfilment is subject to restrictions in activities that are in contradiction

to the ideal of harmlessness, should not the arts, of which it is seen to be one—painting, music, drama, dance and the rest—consistently be subject to similar restrictions?

All her life, Srimathi Rukmini Devi has been a practitioner of the art of ahimsa, as a vegetarian, and as a lover, saviour and protector of animals. As an artist she has instinctively carried over her ahimsa into the art of dance in its classical South Indian form (Bharata Natya); of which she was a pioneer and is one of the finest exponents; and this ahimsa in art she has organised and expanded in the famous Kalakshetra (place sacred to art) at Adyar, Madras, of which she is the Founder and Director. In the exposition of her ideals both as a performer and a teacher, Srimathi Rukmini Devi has naturally come up against the departures from her ideals in others. In speech and writing she has for years condemned sensation in the cinema, stark realism in painting, lasciviousness in music, lewd suggestiveness in poetry and drama, ugliness and incongruity in architecture.

These, some say, are phases of human life, and should have their representation in the arts. But physical poisoning is prohibited. Poisoning of the physical body is a simple and final matter; but poisoning of the minds and emotions of an audience may lead to incalculable evil results, and calls for condemnation.

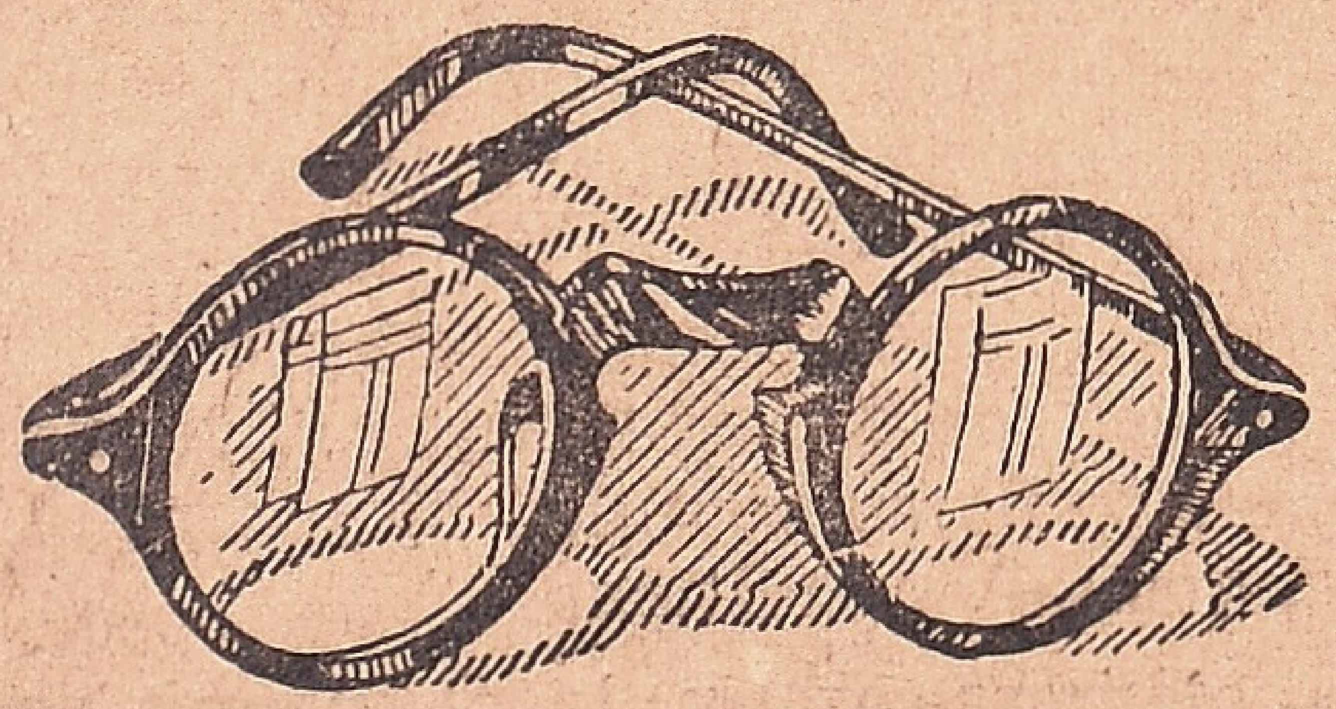
Freedom of expression is a plausible claim; but its plausibility may disguise a multitude of individual and social dangers to the aspiring spirit in mankind. Art has a duty not only to life, but to the higher life.

Whatever may be Srimathi Rukmini Devi's charges against offensive arts, they all come down to the simple inclusive test of harmlessness or otherwise. To the art of ahimsa she has added the ahimsa of art.

HER own art of dance not only passes the test of harmlessness: it goes a stage further, from what may be only a negative virtue, to the positive awakening of reverence for the various aspects of divinity, and delight in "Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram" (Truth, Goodness, Beauty).

"Through spirit-love and through all loveliness, calling the earthly towards the heavenly will."

This is the ultimate ideal for art, and Srimathi Rukmini Devi's practice is not only a notable contribution to the art of ahimsa, but to the whole art of life.



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NEED FOR A BICAMERAL LEGISLATURE

By R. CHELLAPPA

THE subject of bicameral *vs.* unicameral legislature has been a much debated issue among constitutional lawyers and political pundits. That the contemporary trend is away from bicameralism is borne out by the fact that even in a model democracy of the Commonwealth, New Zealand, the upper House of Parliament has been done away with, recently. In England, too, the Mother of Parliaments and the classic home of bicameralism, the problem of the reform of the House of Lords is yet to be solved and the parties and leaders of thought differ widely on many subtle points of this important issue. Such being the case, the question of the upper chamber of the legislature has acquired a renewed importance today.

The recent verdict of the Bombay Legislative Assembly in favour of the abolition of the upper House may well be regarded as an event of great significance to our infant Republic The fact that Bombay, being a Part A State has taken such a step, strikes a note of warning to the other States. The decision, as such, is not out of keeping with the Constitution since Article 169 allows the States to decide the question of second chambers for themselves by providing that it does not involve an amendment of the Constitution. Moreover, last year, the Congress Working Committee, which is the initiator of policies to the States, decided to leave the vexed question of the upper chamber entirely to the discretion of the State Assemblies.

Various reasons have been given in defence of a bicameral legislature. The need of a counterpoise to popular fervour, the safety which lies in sober second thoughts, the desirability of a check on hasty and ill-considered legislation and the liability of a single chamber to gusts of passion and autocratic self-regard, are all the popular arguments advanced in support of a second chamber which are quite familiar to students of constitutional history.

Professor J. A. R. Marriott, in his learned treatise "Second Chamber" has observed conclusively: "The world by a sober, considered and unanimous verdict has affirmed its belief in the necessity of a second chamber. Unicameral experiments have been tried and failed." In a similar vein. Lucky, another notable authority, has pointed out: "The necessity of a second chamber has acquired almost the position of an axiom." A little reflection will show that these opinions, though expressed decades ago, possess some weight even today. History and experience have amply justified the existence of two coordinate chambers of the legislature.

But the advocates of unicameralism are still obsessed with the false dilemma—"If a second chamber dissents from the first, it is mischivous; if it agrees with it, it is superfluous"—propounded long ago by Abbe Sieyes, the arch-constitution-monger of the French Revolution. They contend that a second chamber has outlived its usefulness and hence is a burden on the State's exchequer. They consequently regard it as a stumbling block to progress and change.

SUCH misgivings of unicameral enthusiasts might well hold good in the case of countries which have had a long history of becameralism. They are untenable with reference to India, where conditions present peculiar features calling for special consideration.

That there is a *prima facie* case for a bicameral legislature in India cannot be over-emphasised. The plea for a second chamber is by no means doctrinaire. A realistic appraisal of the political situation in our country reveals the following stark facts. It was only very recently that the new

Constitution was put into operation and the process of political education has just begun in our nascent democracy. The introduction of adult franchise is undoubtedly a significant experiment. The world's largest electorate went to the polls during the last general elections in the first Union Republic. But, speaking candidly, it must be pointed out that the exercise of adult suffrage in the recent elections did not, in all places, result in the return of educated and enlightened candidates. Several extraneous factors played no inconsiderable part during the elections. Hence, the question of a second chamber has to be pondered over against the background of real conditions and the political factors which have a great bearing on our national life. As Sri Mavlankar, Speaker of the House of the People has on more than one occasion emphasised, the greatest need in our country is to evolve political conventions consistent with indigenous needs, create parliamentary traditions suited to our national genius and establish sound constitutional precedents which may well constitute the edifice on which the superstructure of democratic India could be built. These are all questions on which no *ex cathedra* opinion is possible. But one thing is certain. Taking the vastness and the stage of political development of the country into consideration, it is apparent that we require many years of schooling in democratic life before our electorate can compare favourably with the electorates in the other experienced democracies of the world.

Moreover, in spite of the integration of the former native States, the problem of the creation of viable administrative units yet remains to be solved. Thus, legislative problems require careful consideration from the point of view of the reshuffle of States which is contemplated by the Union Government. In the context of the reorganisation of the States with due regard to linguistic and other considerations, it seems that a second chamber is not only a desirable thing, but a vital necessity; for, it commends itself as a valuable instrument for the preservation of minority rights, which will pose a serious problem in the wake of the creation of new States.

Notwithstanding the fact that the lower House of the legislature, being a representative body, has the "power of the purse" and possesses an overwhelming voice in the affairs of the State, the upper House is not merely a body to 'nod its head' to what the lower House has done, but something more than that. It has got a function to perform in our country, especially in the States. It is quite obvious that the lures and viles of politics that characterise the atmosphere in the lower House, are conspicuous by their absence in the upper House. The amateur legislator of the lower House has much to learn from the expert parliamentarian of the upper House. Our country lacks experienced and trained men in all spheres of national life. So, let us hasten slow in our moves towards the abolition of the upper chamber, which contains in good number men of worth, sobriety, and a good record of national service.

THE recent proposal of the Prime Minister to invite suitable amendments to the Constitution in the light of its working since 1950 has been received by the public with much satisfaction. It is up to the legal minds of our country to suggest, *inter alia,* amendments to Article 169 so as to provide for the existence of the Upper House at least in the States in which it already functions, until the time is ripe and opportune to do away with it. It is gratifying to note that elder statesmen of our country are seriously in favour of a second chamber of the legislature. At this juncture of our history, it is essential that public opinion should be directed along right channels without being vitiated by political propaganda. It is too early to forget the famous aphorism: "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." It is incumbent on the Suprtme Court and the Parliament to give a specific directive to the States on the question of bicameral legislature. Let us hope that wiser counsels will prevail among the young legislators and politicians of our country until things become clear.

CONFLICT OF PARTIES IN T-C STATE

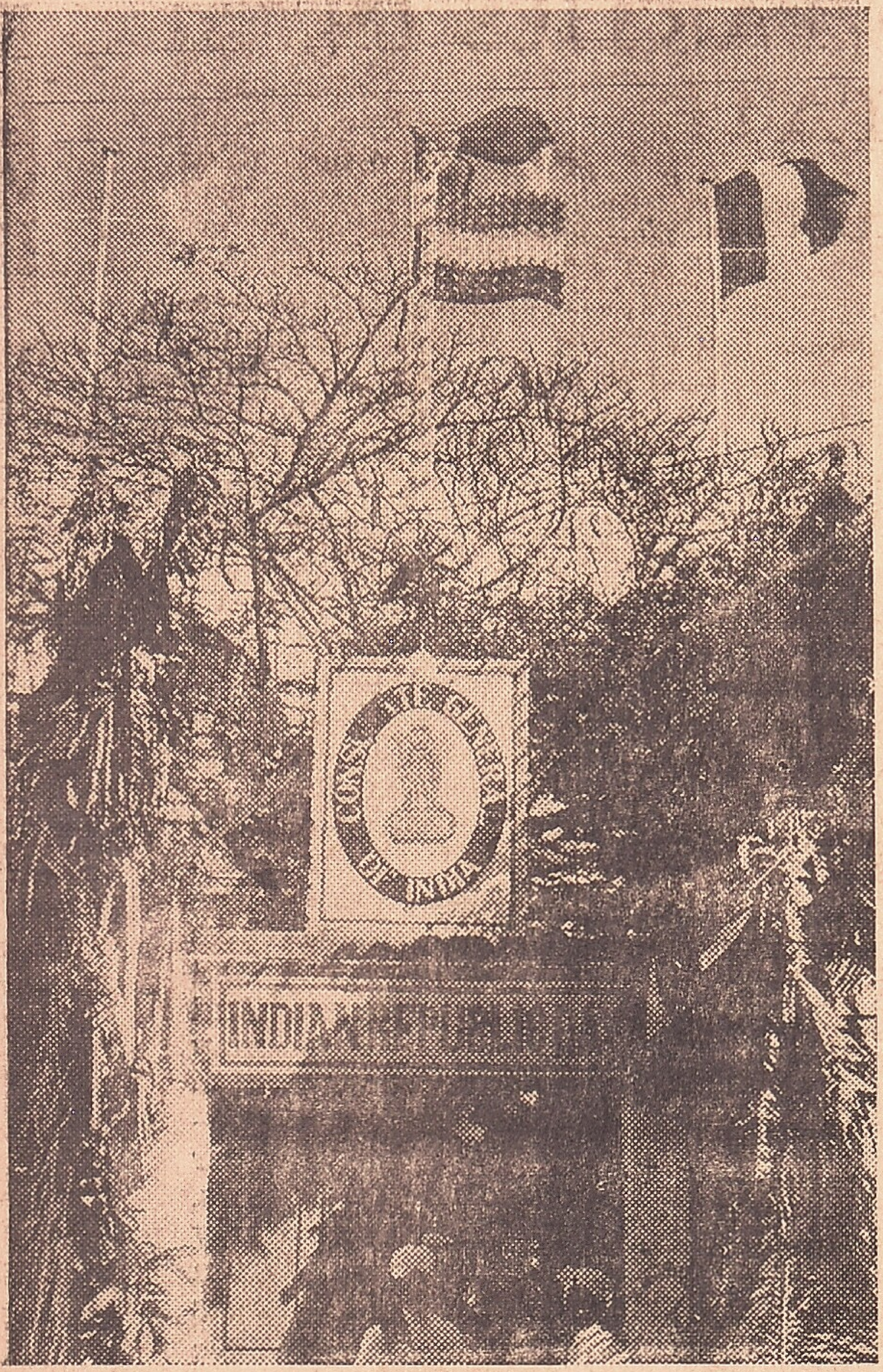
By K. JACOB KUNNENKERIL

ON February 15, the State of Travancore-Cochin will go to the polls, in a general election precipitated by the defeat of the Ministry last September. From March 1952, when the Ministry was formed on the basis of a coalition between the Congress and the Travancore Tamil Nad Congress, something of the sort had been expected; the Congress, though the largest party in the legislature, did not command anything like a working majority, even with the help of the TTNC, and when in September 1953 the TTNC withdrew its support to the Ministry because it felt that not enough consideration was given to its plea for the amalgamation of the Tamil taluks of the State with Madras, the feeble, tottering structure collapsed. Two alternatives now presented themselves to the defeated Chief Minister: he could either advise the Rajpramukh to entrust the government into the hands of the Opposition, or he could advise a dissolution of the Assembly, and a general election. The Opposition, however, was weak and divided against itself, especially since that 'boneless wonder', the Praja Socialist Party, was at that time committed to the policy of 'No co-operation with the Communists.' Further, the recent local elections had shown a considerable strengthening in the position of the Congress since January 1952. And when to this was added the knowledge that the Opposition parties were sadly lacking the funds needed to fight another general elections, the scales were tipped in favour of dissolution.

The attention of the whole of India seems to be concentrated on this little State, and rightly so. Firstly, it is the State that has the highest percentage of literacy in the country (Rajaji put it at 98%, but that is a bit of an exaggeration, perhaps motivated by a desire to flatter the electorate). And with this high percentage of literacy, there goes a greater degree of political consciousness than is to be found in any other part of the country. Secondly, at the last general elections, the State gained considerable notoriety owing to the large number of Leftist candidates returned—31 to the Congress's 44. And, whereas in other parts of the country, the Communists were returned because of the division of the non-Communist vote among a large number of candidates, the Travancore-Cochin Leftists were, in quite a few cases, returned *in spite of* three-cornered fights; in my home constituency of Kottayam, the Communist candidate got more votes than his Socialist, Congress, and Praja Party rivals put together. And finally, this general election may foreshadow the shape of things to come: electoral alliances by Opposition parties to reduce the number of three-and-four-cornered fights, dominated by the Communist Party rapidly becoming the only Opposition party with any definite policy of its own; and the possibility of antagonistic governments at the Centre and in the States. If, therefore, the Congress sustains a defeat under these circumstances, and especially at the hands of the most educated, most politically conscious people in the Union, it amounts to a vitiation of the policies that they have been following; the moral defeat would be far worse.

SHREWD, experienced as they are, Congress politicians have long since realised this, and started their campaign long before any of the Opposition parties. What is more, all the top-ranking leaders of the party hierarchy are being brought down to address the electorate—Chief Ministers of Madras and Bombay, C. R. and Moraji, and finally, in February, Prime Minister Nehru.

Chief Minister John has given a long record of all that the Congress



Main entrance to the Indian Consulate at Pondicherrry decorated and illuminated on the Republic Day

government has achieved, and points out in particular, the Indo-Norwegian scheme at Quilon, the extension of the railway link from Ernakulam to Quilon, and the steps taken to improve the coir industry. Chief Minister C. R. points out that the Communists are a dangerous threat, that Nehru's prestige is at stake, and that it would be a disgrace to the people of the State if they did not return a stable Congress Ministry, and President's rule was enforced. That the Communists are a dangerous threat to our present democratic way of life is true; but C. R. and the Congress seem to be giving them a lot of unnecessary propaganda by making the electorate believe that they are the only Opposition party. In a way they are right: for history has shown that a Communist-inspired coalition inevitably ends as a Communist-dominated coalition; but the people of Travancore-Cochin, politically conscious though they may be, are not so well acquainted with the history of Communism and Communist tactics. A wiser policy would have been to tell them this, instead of hopping one step farther, to the ultimate conclusion.

It has been said that the Congress won the last elections through its liberal use of Nehru's name and picture, and it seems as if they plan to do the same this time also, by referring to his loss of prestige in the international arena, should these elections go against his party. One finds it difficult to believe that these elections have such a vast international significance. The use of Nehru's name, therefore, cannot be considered as anything but an attempt to win votes for the Congress by making the fullest use of the common man's affection, respect, and admiration for Nehru. Bringing in personalities will only serve to confuse the real issues, and is most deplorable.

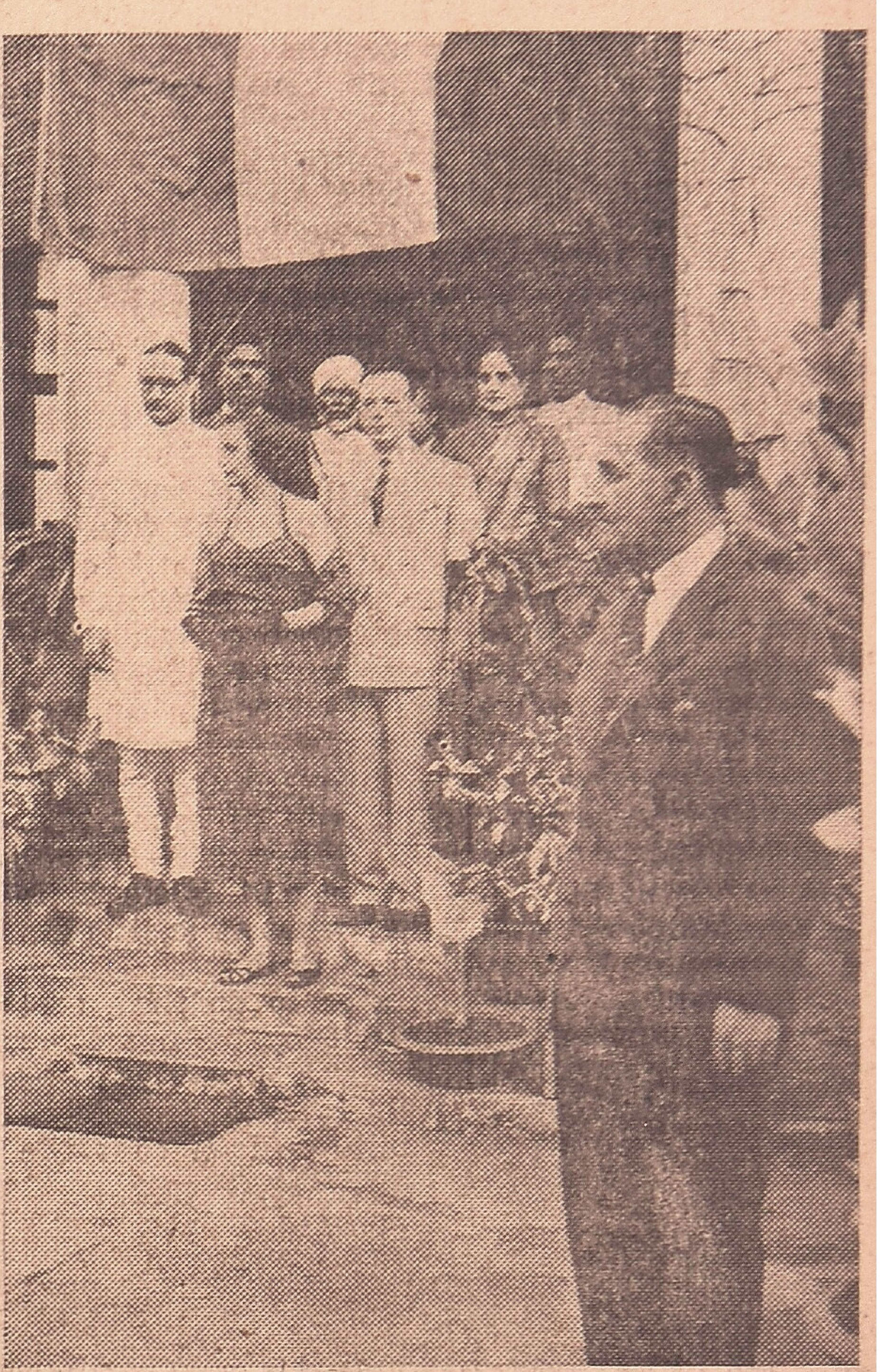
BUT perhaps the most deplorable and certainly the most undemocratic argument in all that has been said is the constant reference to the possibility of President's rule being enforced, should the elections result in no party getting a working majority. For what it amounts to is this: "Either you vote Congress into power, or the Congress Government at the Centre will enforce President's rule," i.e. Congress rule. The Congress, it would seem, is determined not to allow any non-Congress Government to function: the only one that has as yet been formed, in Pepsu, was unceremoniously bundled out of office at the earliest opportunity. Now there is no need for this sort of propaganda; the record of the Congress Government in the State has been quite good, and the use of the threat of President's rule, like some sword of Damocles hanging over the heads of the electorate serves at the most to obtain the half-hearted support of any intelligent voter to whom

Congress rule is not unpleasant, but to whom President's rule is loathsome and intolerable, being in effect a subversion of that very democratic process which the Congress professes to uphold.

THE Opposition seems to have no policy but opposition. For the purposes of fighting the elections, they have so organised themselves, by means of Communist-inspired electoral alliances, as to effect a straight fight in as many as 73 of the 117 constituencies. And, of course, they have levelled the usual charges of corruption, political dishonesty, and inefficiency, but without much effect. The fact is that they have not much to oppose; for though there remains much to be done, the Congress Government, knowing that at any time it might be defeated, put into effect policies that conciliated the angry electorate of 1952, policies which the Opposition parties themselves could not object to. (This is rather a sweeping generalisation but to a large extent it holds good).

As for corruption and political dishonesty, there does not seem to have been as much as in other parts of the country. The Opposition say that the Ministers have taken bribes running into lakhs; the Congress point to Home Minister. T. M. Varghese who is said to have been compelled to sell two of his estates, and mortgage a third, since he took office. Only two instances of alleged political dishonesty have come to my notice, but it is unlikely that they will in any way influence the elections as far as the great majority of voters are concerned.

The Communist Party is much weaker now than it was two years ago. I have, to date, seen three communist processions, two of which consisted of not more than 20 ardent Communists, making the noise of a 100 Congress supporters, and perhaps 200 PSP stalwarts; the third had a good number of participants, but was not a patch on the massive processions that were to be seen last time. Hardly anybody bothers about the PSP here, although, next to the Congress, it has set up the largest number of candidates; its political acrobatics have not in any way enhanced its prestige since 1952, nor has its recent *volte face* in agreeing to the Communist plan for an electoral alliance. This is a great pity, for what this State, and this country, need is a strong third party, which will capture the anti-Congress and anti-Communist voters, who at present either stay away from the elections, or cast their votes in favour of whichever party they consider the lesser evil.



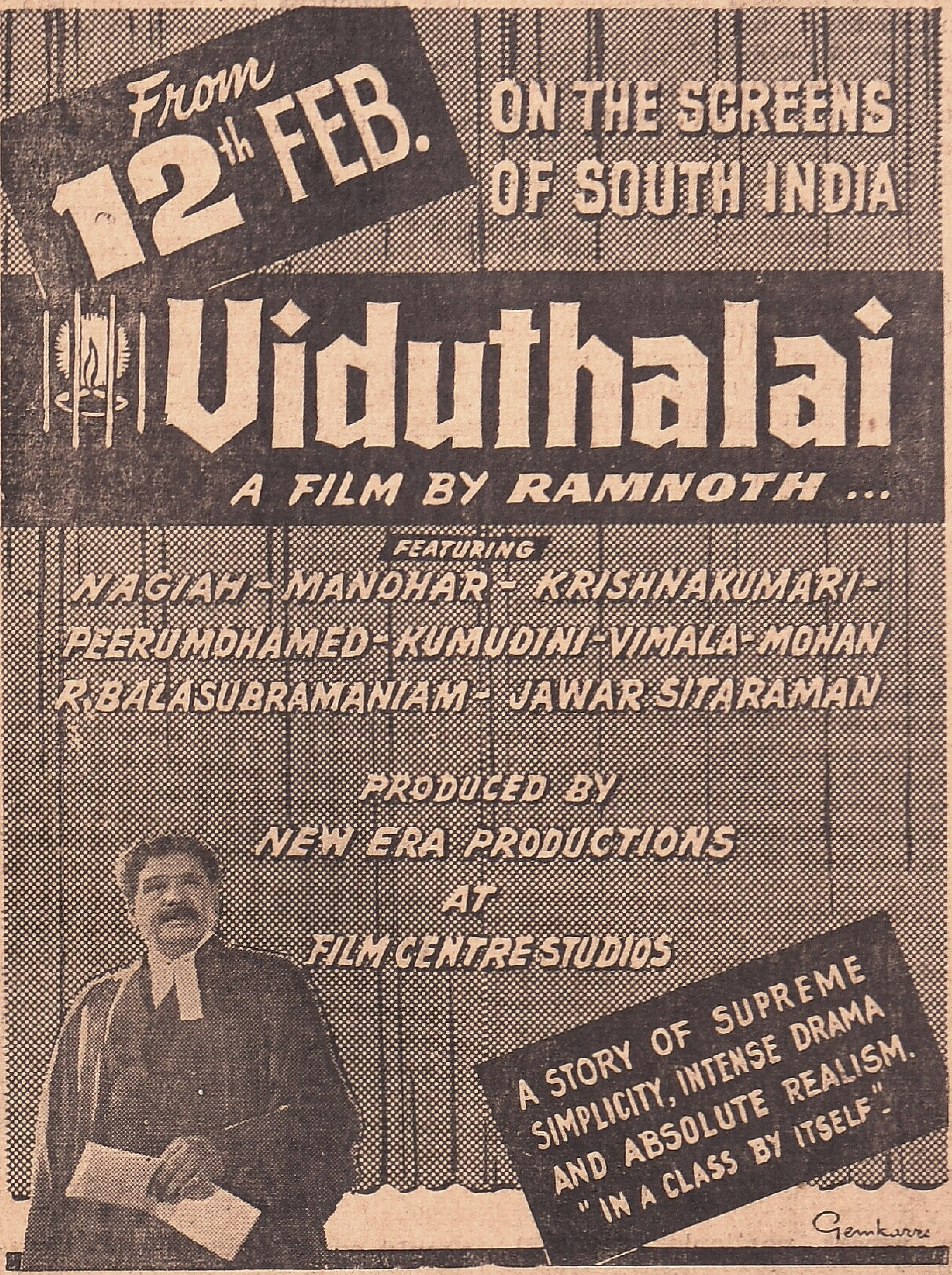
Mr. Kewal Singh, Consul-General for India, seen at a gathering of the French and Indian Nationals on the Republic Day when the National Anthems of the two countries were played

If only political factors are taken into consideration, one may be justified in drawing the conclusion that the Congress will win the elections. But it appears as though religious

and communal factors are going to affect the elections considerably. The Christian vote is split wide apart by the controversy in the Jacobite Church—the President and Vice-President of the Kottayam Congress Committee refuse to sit together in the same room! They have, it is believed, agreed to forget their differences while the elections are being fought, but nobody seriously thinks they will. Then there is the communal question—Christians and Nairs both say that the other will vote for their co-religionists, irrespective of which party the candidate belongs to. (I cannot say how much truth there is in all this, because I have been here for such short periods and so I am not fully qualified to draw any conclusions on this matter.) All I can say is that it is to be hoped that the people of Travancore-Cochin will keep religion out of this election; but religion being what it is, it does not look as if anybody but the Communists will be able to do that, and that only because they do not have any.

Taking everything into consideration, it seems quite certain that the Congress will win, and this is the viewpoint of both sides (privately); the Congress is confident of winning 70 out of the 117 seats, they say; the Opposition hope to win enough seats to prevent the Congress from having more than a bare majority. Since the only alternative seems to be President's rule, it will perhaps be the best thing, under the circumstances, if the Congress is returned to power, with, for obvious reasons, just a bare, working majority. But at the same time it will be a pity; for the Congress, having tasted nothing but the sweet fruits of victory elsewhere, needs a taste of the bitterness of defeat if ever it is to reform iteslf. Reform it must, for in the absence of any coherent, firm policy on the part of the PSP, there will be no other party capable of withstanding the onslaught of the single-minded, united front that the Communists always present; but the Congress leaders have so far shown no signs of, nor any desire to effect, any radical reformation, and only a defeat in Travancore-Cochin will shake them from the lethargic sleep into which they have fallen.

Gautama, the Buddha —*Srimathi Vijayalakshmi*



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Acharya Narendra Dev's Advice to Andhra Students

THE Andhra Association of the Banaras Hindu University celebrated its silver jubilee on Sunday, the 24th January 1954 under the presidentship of Mrs. K. Venkateswaran, Principal, Women's College, Banaras Hindu University, in the Central Hindu College hall. It was a great privilege for the Association to have Acharya Narendra Deva as the guest of honour on the auspicious occasion. The proceedings began at 9-30 a.m. with chanting of Vedic hymns by the Telugu pandits of Banaras. Prof. Y. S. R. K. Sarma, Chairman, Silver Jubilee Committee, welcomed the guests. In a short speech he paid tributes to Acharyaji, whom he described as one who embodied in himself the ideals of "simple living and high thinking." Messages from Dr. Sir S. Radhakrishnan, Dr. B. Pattabhi Sitaramayya, Srimati Durgabai Deshmukh, Sri B. Jagannatha Das, Sri K. Iswara Dutt, Dr. Lanka Sundaram, Sri K. Rama Rao and also from a number of old members, were read by the Chairman.

Mr. P. Rama Rao, Secretary, characterised the Association as a purely cultural one without any political bias. It was founded in the year 1926 by the late Prof. P. Seshadri. The Association had the good fortune of having, as one of its Presidents, the late Prof. Vangala Siva Ram, who for a good number of years, held the chair of politics of Lucknow University with distinction.

In the report, particular mention was made about the cultural, histrionic and academic activities of several of the past and present members of the Association. The social work done by the Association in connection with the Bihar earthquake and the contributions it made to the Andhra cyclone relief fund, the Assam cyclone relief fund and the recent Godavari flood relief fund, was also featured prominently in the report.

Acharya Narendra Deva, in his scholarly address, while advocating the reorganisation of States on a linguistic basis, said that he was one of those who felt extremely happy at the creation of the Andhra State. He congratulated the organisers of the function for holding the silver jubilee in the very first year of the Andhra State formation. He said that he was sorry for the manner in which the capital issue of the new born State was being handled by the Andhra leaders and felt that the controversy must finally be closed. He complimented the Andhras for their keen interest in Hindi amongst all the South Indians and further referred to a few notable translations of Telugu literary works into Hindi. Acharyaji suggested that this line of work should progress at a more rapid pace and Andhras interested in Hindi

Sri Y. Sivaramakrishna Sarma

should come forward to do this job. He paid tributes to the Dakshina Bharata Hindi Prachara Sabha and and few other organisations for the splendid work they did in the past and are still doing. At the same time, he added that the North Indians also should learn at least one South Indian language proficiently. Acharyaji was of the opinion that this would contribute in a great measure to bridge the gulf between the North and the South and he appealed to the Governments of the Southern and Northern States to take an active lead in this direction. He advised the Andhra students to acquit themselves

At the exhibition of paintings organized by the South Indian Society of Painters at the Madras Museum Centenary Hall, Rajaji and Sri Tenneti Viswanadham, Finance Minister, Andhra Government (seen against the garland) who opened the Exhibition on Monday, January 1, 1954

creditably in future life. While euologising the part played by the Andhras in the freedom struggle. Acharyaji exhorted the young Andhra members to follow the path of sacrifice and discipline.

Following the president's remarks, an open university debating contest in English was held, the subject debated being *The idea of one world Government though high sounding in theory is not feasible in practice."* Principal Mrs. K. Venkateswaran, Dr. Miss M. Sakuntala and Dr. M. V. Ramana Murty acted as judges. The debate was throughout lively and a number of university students outside the Association also took part. Mr. R. Chandrasekhara Rao of M.A. (final) stood first.

The house adjourned at 12 noon to reassemble again at 2.30 p.m. when a symposium on the "Future of Andhra State" was held under the chairmanship of Sri Y. S. R. K. Sarma. Some ten members read highly interesting and informative papers. The chairman, summing up the discussion, drew the attention of the Central Government to the absence of any single national research laboratory in the Andhra State and urged that a suitable place within the Andhra State should be considered for the location of such a laboratory.

In the evening prizes were given away by Mrs. K. Venkateswaran to winners who took part in the various sports competitions arranged in connection with the silver jubilee celebrations. To commemorate the silver jubilee celebrations, a rolling cup was instituted this year to be awarded for the best writer in the 'Telugu essay writing competition.' Miss U. Vijayalakshmi, a post-graduate student in botany, was awarded the cup. Miss Lalita Kumari and Mr. Varadachari shared the first prize in the light music competition. Mr. B. V. R. Reddy was awarded the first prize in the Telugu debating contest while Sri Chandrasekhara Rao was the receipient of the first prize in the English debating contest.

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